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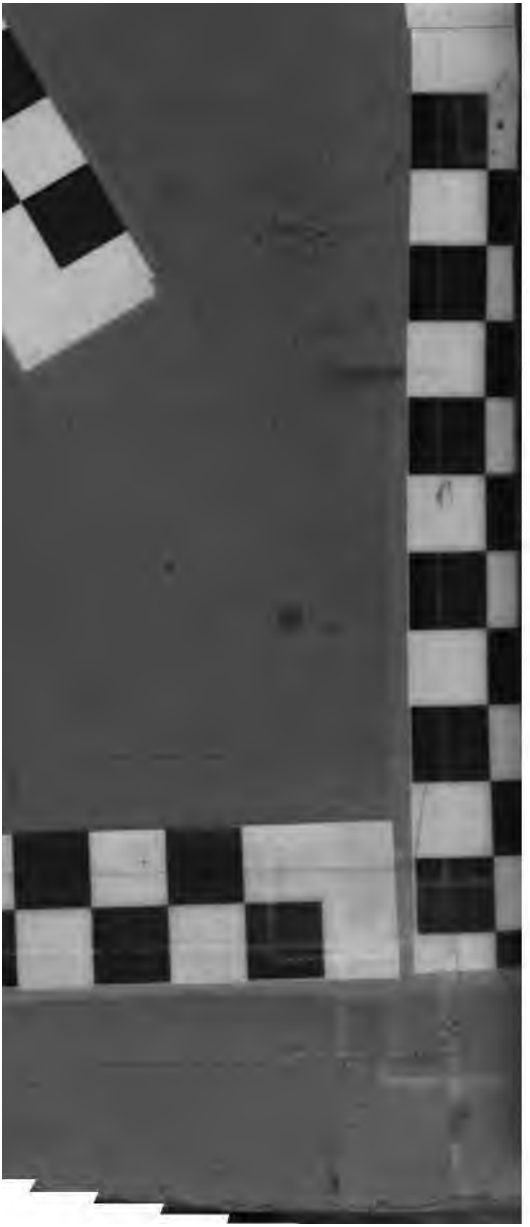

POEMS,

BY

SARAH A. NOWELL.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY A. TOMPKINS,
No. 38 CORNHILL.
1850.

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PREFACE.

One word may be allowed me, in apology for sending this little book into the world. I look upon it as the means of helping me to sustain the little being who looks to me *alone* for support. In happier times, I should not have dreamed of publishing it; but the *true-hearted* will think with me, that the motive sanctifies the deed.

SARAH A. NOWELL.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1849.

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THE COLLECTION OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
PRESENTED BY
HIS WIDOW
Catalina Juliana Mason Myers
HIS DAUGHTER
Cassie Mason Myers Julian-James
HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Edmonia Taylor Phelps Mason
TO THE
New York Public Library
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
IN MEMORY OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
AND HIS SON
Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
UNITED STATES NAVY
1800

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POEMS,

BY

SARAH A. NOWELL.

BOSTON:
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No. 38 CORNHILL.
1850.

Years have rolled on — and time has changed,
  And fairy hours have vanished too,
And hopes are sunk, and joys estranged,
  Which then I deemed were true;

Friends, who in sunny hours of mirth,
  Came fluttering round my summer bower,
Have passed like shadows o'er the earth,
  And shun my lonelier hour.

Bright hopes that gilded life's young dawn,
  Sweet flowers that bloomed and budded fair,
Fond dreams that came in youth's gay morn,
  Then vanished into air;

All these by turns have charmed my soul,
  Like music lingering on the ear,
And fainter as the echoes roll,
  Still strains the sense to hear.

But now thy faded leaves revive
  A feeling I should know no more,
And which I thought could not survive
  When thy frail life was o'er.

Go then to him who placed thee here,
  And ask if, in his prosperous hour,
He thinks of moments once so dear,
  Ere thou wert dead, sweet flower!

Ask if that frail and changeful heart
  Can still one pitying feeling know,
If still beneath that hollow art,
  One generous thought can glow;

Yes — go to him — and if he gaze
  As once, in fondness on thee now,
If still the light of virtue plays
  Around that manly brow;

Tell him that she, whose heart he won
  When Life's gay hours were opening bright,
Still thinks of him, the cherished one,
  Her soul's undarkened light; —

Still dwells on all the fairy hours
  When he was roaming by her side,
Still gazes on the fading flowers
  That bloomed for none beside.

Go, ask if all that charms him now
  Can blunt the sting of memory,
If, mid the beams that light his brow,
  No shadows pass him by.

Ask, when day's brilliant light is gone,
  If, ere the lingering beam hath died,
He thinks of her, the lonely one,
  Who wandered by his side.

And if Ambition's lofty power
  Hath bid not all Love's dreams depart,
He'll press thy leaves, dear faded flower,
  A moment to his heart.

A moment o'er that heart will rush
  Remembrance of the things that *were*,
And on that cheek will come the flush
  Regret will picture there.

Perchance a silent tear will steal
  For her who would not be forgot,
And his changed soul will, haply, feel
  The darkness of her lot.

Then back to me the tribute bear,
  And thee, of added charms possessed,
Forever in my heart I'll wear,
  By that remembrance blest.

Long, long ere I from thee could part,
  Poor frail memento of a power
That once possessed a wandering heart,
  But fled in Sorrow's hour.

Soft notes at eve again may come,
  Like those from Echo's airy shell,
And breezy murmurs, through the gloom,
  From viewless harp-strings swell;

But as thy favored bird, in vain,
  Might sing to thee his evening song,
So vainly would his voice again
  Wake feelings hushed so long; —

And as thy faded leaves can ne'er
  One trace of former pride regain —
So o'er my heart's wild ruins here,
  No bloom can pass again!

LINES.

"They are at rest, and we in tears."—*Hebrew Dirge.*

Rest, ye forms that in Earth are laid,
  Or beneath the ocean billow,
Rest — ye have passed through Death's dark shade,
  And are laid on your last cold pillow;
The repose which ye find in that dreamless bed,
Is softer than angel's wings can shed.

Sleep on, though above ye the young and fair
  Are in slumberless anguish weeping,
Those life breathing forms will soon be there,
  And they too with ye be sleeping;
And the tears that now swell in the downcast eye,
Will have passed in Death's dark agony.

The chains that bind their souls to Earth,
  Will soon be severed and broken,
One by one, the voices that ring in mirth,
  Their last farewell will have spoken;
One tear to the past — one hour of gloom,
And they too sink to the silent tomb.

And over the peaceful grave, will be shed
  Sweet tears from the heart's pure river,
A moment's memory of the dead,
  And all is forgotten forever;
While far beyond the night of the tomb,
The hopes of Heaven unfadingly bloom.

THE SPIRIT GLANCE.

"Thusa ha measg, no reultan mor."—*Gaelic Air.*
"Thou that art amid the stars, move to thy bed with music."

Thou who with spirit glance,
  Art gliding mid the stars in beauty now,
Or, bathing in the heavenly dews, perchance,
  Thy glorious brow —

Look on me, beauteous one!
  Look on the lonely, weeping one of earth,
Look on the wreck of hopes and feelings gone,
  Of joy's bright birth;

Look on the pallid cheek,
  Yet tell not of the change thou findest there,
Nor to the heartless crowd around me, speak
  Of my despair.

Oh, not to those around,
  Breathe of my misery one saddened note,
But let the gayest strain of music's sound
  Around us float;

Soft be each angel strain
  That pours its lengthening music on the ear,
But let no murmuring of wo again
  Wake sorrow here.

Yet, ere thou sink'st to rest,
  Cast once again on me thine angel eye,
'T will calm the beatings of this throbbing breast,
  If thou art nigh.

STANZA.

TO THE FIGURE OF A GREEK WOMAN BENDING OVER A DEAD CHILD.

Seen on an ancient Medal.

Weep not for him! he sleeps,
  And ne'er again can bless thee with his voice —
Yet that dull eye no longer droops nor weeps,
  Thou should'st rejoice!

Yes, thou should'st rather smile
  That he is gone to his glad home above,
Though thou art bound in sorrow's chain awhile,
  God wounds in love!

Bear thy heart's sorrows where
  Rises the throne of Him, the blest Supreme,
He will be with thee, guiding every where,
  Through life's dark dream.

FEAR NOT TO DIE!

"Oh fear thou not to *die* ——
  Far rather fear to *live*, for life
Hath thousand snares thy feet to try
  By peril, pain and strife;
Brief is the work of Death,
  But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recals the breath,
  The cup of wo may be."

Why should'st thou fear! if Life to thee
  Hath been but pain and sorrow,
If from the cup of misery,
  The dregs thou hast to borrow;
If wasting grief hath sunk thy frame,
  Or aching pain hath worn it,
Or slander hath attacked thy name,
  And thou hast sadly borne it; —

If the heart's trust hath been betrayed
  By those who lightly won it,
Or the heart's worship hath been paid
  To those whose curse is on it;
If the chrystal gem and budding flower,
  Are rudely crushed and broken,
And nothing left within thy bower
  Except of grief the token;

Why *shouldst* thou fear? can Death bring aught
  That tells of deeper anguish,
Why should its shelter be unsought,
  Why still in sorrow languish?
Are not the slumbers which it brings,
  With peace and calm around thee,
As deep as that which sadly springs
  From woes that now surround thee?—

The heart that braves the storms of life,
  Shrinks not when death is nearest,
And he who nobly meets the strife,
  Will hold his triumph dearest;
T is harder far to struggle through,
  When life's rude storms are round thee,
Than when with glorious Heaven in view
  The shades of death have bound thee.

WHAT IS LOVE?

——— "to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;—
Meekly to bear with wrong — to cheer decay,
And oh, TO LOVE THROUGH ALL THINGS—"

To muse the silent hours away,
Regardless of the forms around,
To shun even Music's hallowed lay,
If from one voice there breathe no sound;
To see no beauty in the sky,
To hear no thrilling melody
In the deep murmuring of the summer sea,
To pass each sunlit bower by,
With cold regard and distant eye,
If that deep fondness may not turn on thee.

To glide around, with noiseless tread,
The couch where Pain its vigils keeps,
And wipe the cold damps from the head,
While weary, worn-out Nature sleeps;
To guide the faltering footstep, when
It seeks again the haunts of men,
Or lingers 'mid the shade of summer grove,
Oh, dearer far than e'er before,
Guarding and fondly watching o'er
With eye and heart too blest, the form we love!

But most to guard, with jealous eye,
When Slander's hateful train invades,
And thrust its poisoned arrows by,
And break its darkly lowering shades;
To heal the heart its shaft hath grazed,
To dry the tears its power hath raised,
And cheer the spirit with a kindly art,
Pointing to hopes above the sky,
Where endless rapture dwells on high,
And Slander never comes to wound the feeling heart.

This — this is Love! unchilled by Care,
It blossoms in the wintry storm,
And spreads its twining tendrils where
Decay hath darkened o'er the form; —
This, this is Love! unquenched by Pain,
Undarkened by Affliction's stain,
And growing deeper as long years steal on,
Strengthening still more with Sorrow's chain,
And living still, though still in vain,
When hopes that gave it birth are sunk and gone!

FAME.

"Oh, who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name?"

Yes, who shall lightly dare
  To say that when our frames are cold,
It matters not or how or where
  Our names are idly told?
Who but for this would brave the strife
Which we must struggle through for life?

And who shall say that when
  The cold turf on our ashes lies,
Fame shall not lift her trump again,
  To waft them to the skies?
They say 't is but a breath alone,
True — but that breath survives our own.

And who that does not pray
  That when above him earth doth press,
The deeds he did in life's brief day,
  Men may recall and bless?
And who that would not win the meed
That crowns each high and noble deed?

Then say not Fame is naught,
  That its rewards are idle breath,
Or that in life 't is idly bought,
  And sinks again in death;
Still let thy temple walls, fair Fame,
Reëcho back the Good Man's name!

LINES.

"Thou art gone home, oh, early crowned and blest."

Oh, not alone the tears that fell upon thy early grave,
Oh, not alone the sighs that swelled for him they could not save,
Be thine the sacred memories that live in every heart,
Within the circled home in which thou bor'st thy happy part.

Thine was a brow whereon was cast the impress
of high dreams,
And thine a spirit which had drunk at Life's
unsullied streams;
And Joy to that unfevered lip, was opening all
her store, —
DEATH dashed away the proffered cup, and thy
young dream was o'er.

Thou didst but gently pass away, ere life was
turned to gall,
Ere yet upon thy youthful heart, affliction spread
her pall;
How can we wish thee back to life, while such a
lot is thine,
To drink immortal waters where still flow the
streams divine!

For there thy God hath purified thy spirit's eager
eye,
Which sought in vain for aught of truth beneath
the changing sky;
We mourn not for thy destiny — all ills have
passed from thee,
And in the glorious Spirit Land, thou now art
roaming free.

LINES.

"The grave hath closed over her, and who will remember her."

Who will remember her?—the Poor, who drew
  Their daily comforts from her open store,
Who sought her succor and her counsel too,
  And paid in blessings she can hear no more!

Who will remember her?—Oh, ask not that,
  Ye who have shared her friendship and her love,
Ye who beside her death-bed weeping sat,
  And watched her spirit as it soared above.

Who will remember her?—Oh! they who long
  To join that spirit in the glorious skies,
They will still hold her in remembrance strong,
  'Till the last trumpet bids them to arise.

CLEOPATRA.

She sat apart in cheerless state, not one was near
her side,
Of all that once were used to wait upon her hours
of pride;
And on the high and lofty brow was pictured
deepest Thought,
As if the burning soul was lit by rays from
Passion brought.
And 'mid those tresses' sunny light, were mingling
pearls and flowers,
Such as she wore in days more bright, when
Pleasure ruled her hours;
And on the haughty brow was yet the high and
queenly air,
Which those who saw could not forget, though
Death was lingering there.
Where now were all the summer friends that
thronged her blooming bower?
Who now her blighted fame defends or cheers
her dying hour?
And he that loved her best of all, oh, where was
he, the brave!

Alas, her tears could not recall that loved one
from the grave!
And one white arm was bared to feel the serpent's
poisoned breath,
Oh, did not *then* that proud heart reel in agonies
of death!
A moment she had shrunk away from that all
hopeless pain,
But fear of Cæsar's kingly sway impelled her on
again.
And the sunk cheek became more bright with
Passion's sudden rush,
And on the pale lip came a light with Beauty's
deepest flush;
But fainter grew the shortened breath, and paler
seemed the brow,
And then the light was quenched in death, and
gone was Beauty's glow.
And there she lay! the young and fair — the
haughty and the gay —
Amid the lonely stillness there, in Death's dark
sleep she lay; —
While none came in that fearful hour of loneliness
and wept
Above the slave of Passion's power who thus in
darkness slept!

STANZAS.

—— "The sunbeam of an hour
Which gave life's hidden treasures to my view,
As they lay shining in their secret depths,
Went out and left them colorless."

Yes, thou didst shine above my path, sweet ray
too fair and bright!
Too wildly did my gaze receive thy pure and
radiant light;
A moment on my lonely path thy gleam of beauty
shone,
Then turned from earth its sparkling ray, and I
was left alone!

Too dark, too wild had been my lot, for thee,
loved one! to share,
I would not that thy gentle heart such bitter grief
should wear;
Thy spirit ill could brook the clouds that gather
o'er me now,
Or calmly look on woes which oft hath gathered
on my brow.

Yet mid the darkness and the gloom of memory's
lonely hours,
When stars and sunbeams all are quenched in
sorrow's darkest showers,
To thee in weal or wo, my soul shall cling as
fondly yet
As when in brighter days which thou nor I could
ne'er forget.

What though the clouds awhile may dim that
bright and sparkling ray?
And though amidst our wreck of hopes, its beauty
might not stay,
Yet heart to heart can fondly cling, and soul with
soul may meet,
And in this wilderness, the thought of thee shall
still be sweet.

LINES.

> "Tears could we give thee when thou wert alive,
> The mournful tears of deep foreboding love,
> That would not be restrained—but now they seem
> Most idle all—"

Fresh be the turf forever round thy grave,
  Oh, thou who met us with that sunny brow!
And soft the leafy branches o'er thee wave
  In the dark slumber that enfolds thee now.
Dreams come not there to chase that peaceful rest,
Nor fears, to shake the quiet of that breast.

What would have been thy lot in after years?—
  A host of martyred feelings, and the storm
Of passions stern, of mingling sighs and tears,
  Wasting alike the spirit and the form;—
Sleep — sleep! we mourn not o'er thy swift decay,
Nor weep that thou so soon shouldst pass away.

Wake not—oh, wake not! Holy is that sleep!
  Thou hast passed gently to the Spirit Land,
And who would wake thee from a calm so deep,
  Or mourn that thou hadst met the angel band
That, floating to wild music in the air,
Drew thy rapt soul to join the chorus there.

Deep — deep the love we gave to thee in Life —
  The heart's best feelings and affections warm,
Nor changed that love when pain, with deadly strife,
  Came darkly o'er the beauty of thy form;
Tears—tears we gave thee then, and still they flow
Above the spot where thou art sleeping now.

TO EDWARD.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!"

No tears for thee, my angel babe!
  No bitter tears for thee,
For thou hast safely stemmed the wave
  Of Life's dark, troubled sea;
But bitter tears *were* on thee shed,
  Upon that mournful day,
When all a Mother's earnest soul
  Was poured forth in this lay: —

"Awake, awake, my own sweet one!
It is thy mother's voice,
Awake, and let thy beaming eyes
Once more her heart rejoice,
Look up! for thou hast slumbered long,
Too long, my child, for thee,
Awake, and let thy first bright glance
Be fixed alone on me.

I look upon thy infant cheek
And weave a happy dream,
Of days when thy sweet life shall flow
In one unsullied stream;
When thou, my bright — my Beautiful!
Shall linger by my side,
And share thy mother's fondest love
What e'er of Fate betide!

My boy! is *that* the hue of life
That gathers o'er thy brow —
Is that pale lip the one I pressed
In ecstacy but now?
Oh, can it be that those dear eyes
Can ne'er unseal again,
Or that soft cheek, still lovely now
No more its bloom retain!

Still lovely! oh, that placid brow
  So much of Heaven reveals —
That angel brow on which the shade
  Of death so lightly steals —
Those eyes that never more can shed
  A single sorrowing tear,
And that young heart that feels no more
  The woes that wait us here!

And can I mourn that thou art gone,
  The early called and blest:
That thou hast passed a little while
  Before me to thy rest;
Oh, no! — let not one bitter tear
  For thee be ever shed,
Nor let one sigh be breathed for thee,
  The Beautiful — the Dead!

Joy! that thy spirit's eager thirst
  Is quenched at holy streams,
That thy pure soul may never pine
  In Earth's unhallowed dreams!
Joy, that on thy unfevered brow
  The light shall ne'er grow dim —
Joy! that thy God hath taken thee,
  Beloved one! to HIM!"

KALEIDESCOPE.

TO JEANNETTE PLAYING WITH A KALEIDESCOPE.

Dear child, in after years when guile
  And age and grief have shed their blight,
And Pain hath dimmed thy sunny smile,
  And Hope's sweet star hath veiled its light,
Thou wilt remember then how Life
  Seemed to thy gaze like fairy land,
A heaven, where care nor sin nor strife,
  Could bring to thee their wretched band.
Thou gazest on that vision now —
  The brilliant colors charm thine eye, —
Thou turnest the fairy tube, and lo!
  A thousand radiant forms are nigh.

Another turn! sweet Jeanie, see!
  Thy wildest dreams ne'er equalled this!
Another! and thy sparkling eye
  Beams with a thousand thoughts of bliss: —
So to thy gaze, the phantom Hope
  Lifts up her brilliant colors now,
And with her gay Kaleidescope,
  Hath lit in joy thy youthful brow: —

Too soon, dear child, the glass will break,
  And thou the wretched cheat wilt see —
The worthless beads that gem-like seemed,
  Are all that then remain to thee :
But lift thine eye in heavenly Hope —
  A brighter, holier lot is thine,
Where Heaven's *true* Kaleidescope
  Shall to thy sight forever shine.

SUNSET IN SWITZERLAND.

Suggested by a painting.

Look ! 't is a lovely scene in Switzerland —
  Perchance the very spot where William Tell,
The Leaguer of the Alps, and his brave band
  First felt within their breasts the life-blood swell
At the blest sound of Freedom ! and that stream,
  That mountain stream that murmurs through
    the dale
Might hear the wild burst of that glorious dream
  Echoing Freedom ! from each wood and vale.
There, towering far beyond the mountain top,
  The old church towers rear their lofty cres

And mid the greenwood haunts, the peasant stops
  Tracing some scene by sacred memories blest;
And there, perhaps, at this sweet sunset hour,
  He comes his grateful Evening-Hymn to raise—
"PRAISE YE THE LORD!" resounds from rock and tower,
  And the wild Alpine horn still echoes PRAISE.
The simple goat-herd pauses at the word,
And shouts with grateful voice, "PRAISE YE THE LORD!"

TWELVE YEARS.

TWELVE years, dear love, have run their way,
  Since first our fates were linked together,
And memory pauses to survey
  Their hours of dark or sunny weather—
Thy whispered words of praise or blame,
  That cheered or pained my lonely hours,
That made this world, though still the same,
  A pathway strewn with thorns or flowers.
Oh! as the Past comes back again,
  As fast the varied scenes awaken,

I gaze with mingled joy and pain,
  On records thus by Memory taken.
Each, each its saddening change hath wrought,
  Each too hath well supplied its blessing,
And joys, by Fancy's dreams inwrought,
  Waking, hath found us still possessing.
Care, pain and sickness — grief and wo
  Have crowded these twelve years' brief measure,
And Death — the universal foe —
  Hath robbed us of one cherished treasure.
We saw him lying, cold and white,
  Yet with an angel's heavenly sleeping,
And angels, since that tearful night,
  Have still their gentle guard been keeping.
Remembrance brings before me yet,
  That little form so sweetly lying —
Our first born! oh, can we forget
  The anguished hour when he was dying?
Then came another cherished one,
  With sparkling eye and bright cheek glowing,
To thee, beloved little son!
  Our trembling love again is flowing.
And she — our little gentle girl —
  All smiles and tears — an April shower, —
With soft blue eye and sunny curl,
  The plaything of each weary hour.

And thou, Beloved! whate'er betide,
  Be it of bright or stormy weather,
Adown Life's smooth or boisterous tide,
  Our barks shall float or sink together.
Bear me upon thy patient heart,
  'Till Death's cold hand the tie shall sever,
'Till Heaven calls us to depart
  Where we shall meet and love forever.

May 23, 1845.

JOSEPHINE.

Dim burned the lamp within a sculptured hall,
And half revealed the marble statues round,
While its faint, quivering ray betrayed to view,
A kneeling form, cold, motionless as they.
Was that pale thing the Empress Josephine?
The envied, worshipped of all hearts — the bride
Of him who conquered nations with a nod,
And wore his laurels with an easy grace,
That kings might vainly envy! Was this she?
Were those her words that faintly murmured forth,
As if the heart that prompted them were broken?

"Oh, send me not from thee!
Thee, the lone solace of this drooping heart,
Oh, bid me not to lose thy memory,
We *must* not part!

There have been weary hours,
When the gay, painted bubble, Glory, won
Thy wandering heart from me, and in these bowers
I roved alone.

And then I murmured not,
Though thou hadst knelt before Ambition's shrine:
The heart that should have shared thy glorious lot,
Napoleon! was it *mine?*

But now thy trumpet voice
Hath sent its gladdening music through my heart,
Bidding my weary spirit to rejoice,
We must not part!

Now that my soul hath felt
The joyous beams of love from thee awhile,
And my crushed spirit, mid its woes, hath knelt
Before thy smile —

Think'st thou that I could part,
And tread the weary path of life alone,
Bearing worn feelings and an aching heart,
When thou wert gone?

Think'st thou that I could bear
To trace the paths where we together roved,
Seeking thy footsteps vainly, every where,
Too fondly loved!

Oh no, I must not go!
I should too fondly dwell on other hours,
When with thee, dearest! I have watched the glow
Of Summer flowers;—

When one pale rose from thee
Was to my heart as Love's own hallowed shrine,
Kept fond and sacred in the memory,
Because 't was thine.

Oh, then forsake me not!
Thine is a weary and a restless life—
And who shall share thy high but perilous lot,
If not thy wife!

Will she — *thy second love,*
he pale-cheeked one of Austria, bide the storm,
hich I have sometimes thought may brood above
Thy kingly form?

Will she —— *but thou hast said* —
he cold and stern decree was harshly spoken,
ıd where shall I find rest, save with the dead —
My heart is broken!"

HUMAN LOVE.

—— "He that sits above
In His calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other — even though blent
With a vain worship —"

es, He will look on earthly love, and pardon its excess,
ıd not His goodness give us this, our loneliness to bless?
ıd not His will direct our hearts to meet in perfect love,
ıd will not this within us glow, when we meet with Him above?

But still we feel, too much, too much, that mid
such love as this,
There comes a chill and withering blight to dim
the smiles of bliss,
Too much our hearts within us feel how much it
brings of pain,
And know that all who fix their trust on earth
must find it vain.

Slowly the heart believes its hopes are given to
the wind,
And painfully the sleeper wakes to voices so
unkind —
To spirit-voices which at eve, come whispering
to the ear,
And breathe in cold, unwelcome tones, "Place
not affection here."

Yet still its bitterness will oft the time-worn
spirit bring
To Him — to Him, from whom alone each better
thought may spring,
And He will cheer the fainting heart by earthly
sorrow riven,
And on the tried and drooping soul, will pour the
bliss of Heaven.

TO MRS. RESTIEAUX.

In memory of the few brief hours
  Which here we have together spent,
I consecrate, in words as brief,
  Such thoughts as are in kindness meant.

And if Remembrance sometimes bring
  My voice, while by your hearth, at home,
Oh, do not slight its whispering,
  But in your inmost heart make room.

And it will tell thee that my thought
  Of thee shall never lightly fail,
Although our barks for years may not
  On the same wave of being, sail.

But thou and thine shalt still be dear,
  In memory's depths still unforgot,
And when you think on others here,
  Forget me not — forget me not!

TO MARY.

Mary! thou oft hast asked me for a lay,
By which thou mightest remember that we two,
Through the glad hours of many a summer day,
Have gaily laughed together — it is true;
And now, though years are throwing shadows too,
Across our sunny path, yet gay and bright,
As if young Life were but just opening new,
My heart rejoices in thy mirthful light.
Smile on, dear Mary! be thy days as fair
As the young dreams of infant beings are.

But yet amidst thy dreamy musings still,
Something of shadowy grief thou mayst espy,
And dark forebodings of some future ill,
May wake within thy gentle breast, a sigh,
And this will be, perhaps, when none are nigh,
And thou at gloomy twilight art alone,
And mid the fading hues that quickly die,
Some form unseen will hover round thine own;
And it may tell thee, Mary, that thy heart
Is doomed with all its dearest hopes to part.

And it may be — but not the less shalt thou
  Smile, as thou wakest from that fearful dream,
And not the less upon thy youthful brow,
  Should sunny hope and glad-eyed pleasure beam;
Still, on the sparkling flow of life's young stream,
  Should Joy's bright sunlight be reflected fair,
Or, if a moment it withdraw its gleam,
  Clouds, warm and radiant, still should hover there —
Smile on — 't is not for me to cloud that brow
Where hang bright hopes and fairy prospects now.

But there *may* come a weary time, when all
  That now gives Life its brightest bloom and grace,
Shall, like spring flowers, round thy footsteps fall,
  And care may fling a shadow o'er thy face —
And wilt thou then remember me, and trace
  Some faint resemblance in thy lot and mine? —
Each would, perhaps, some scene or hour efface,
  Though each would fondly bend at memory's shrine.
Smile on, dear Mary — let that smile still be
A pledge that so thou wilt remember me.

I SAW A BOOK.

"Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still."

I saw a Book — 't was fair and white as robes
that angels wear,
And every leaf was pure and fresh, no blot nor
stain was there —
It lay apart in Beauty's bower, nor sought the
gazer's eye,
But a sunbeam lit the open page with noontide
brilliancy.

I saw the Book again — and there on leaves so
fair and white,
Were traced the thoughts of other years when
Joy and Hope were bright;
And friendly wishes kind and true, and words by
love refined,
While here and there, a rosebud too, was round
its leaves entwined.

w it once again — when years had rolled their
rounds again,
l every leaf was wet with tears and dark with
many a stain,
l withered rose leaves threw around their sickly
fragrance there,
l not a lonely trace I found of what it used
to wear.

› hands that traced each glowing page, when
youthful hearts beat high,
l mouldered into silent dust and passed from
memory;
l lips that breathed in earlier times, their
sweetly mournful lay,
:e singing in a happier clime, more thrilling
melody.

what a change comes o'er the soul, to mark
the swift decay
ıll it thought most beautiful, in childhood's
happy day;
. oh! how dreary and how lone, to watch the
fading light
ıt memory brings from pleasures gone, illuming
Sorrow's night.

Yet as the sun's departing ray seems sweeter than
its dawn,
More mildly beautiful the day when the fading
light is gone,
We sit in memory's moonlit bowers, and think of
other days,
And ope the book of former hours and on its pages
gaze.

So when long years have rolled away, some eye
perhaps will look,
With mournful gaze, on many a lay traced in that
silent book,
And wet its leaves with memory's tears, and mark
each darkening stain,
And think of strains that slept for years, and ne'er
shall wake again!

BOAT SONG.

As thus we sail adown the stream,
  The blue sky bending o'er us,
The waters with their sparkling gleam
  Of beauty all before us;
So o'er Time's ocean waves we glide
  In Life's gay boat still speeding,
We take no thought of wind or tide,
  Of perils all unheeding.

We raise the goblet to our lip,
  With water pure, o'erflowing,
And in the wave, our hands we dip,
  To bathe our faces glowing;
So to our souls, we bring with joy,
  The draught that cools Life's fever,
And bathe our spirits in that fount
  That heals their wounds forever!

LINGER NOT HERE, YOUNG SPIRIT!

Linger not here, young spirit! Earth hath not
A charm to draw thee from that glorious lot—
Wrap thy white robes around thee, and depart,
Life hath not aught to calm thy fevered heart,
Go to thy home!

Thou hast seen much of sorrow while the glow
Was fading, day by day, from cheek and brow,
All the bright roses from thy path had passed,
Death's impress on thy fading form was cast,
Marked for the tomb!

Thou weepest, widowed mother! Who would not?
Thine is a bitter and a sorrowing lot,
Thou hast seen hopes and happiness depart,
All the bright visions of a trusting heart
Passing away.

Yet let it calm thee, when those dreams are fled,
Amid thy deeper anguish for the dead,
Thou hast trained an angel for the sky,
That God, ere this, hath oped that spirit's eye
To endless day!

Thou still art blest — though round thy household hearth,
Are heard no more glad sounds of joy and mirth;
Though HIS calm eye can never cheer thee more,
And the short struggle of HER life be o'er,
Thou still art blest.

Thou hast thy loved ones yet — all are not gone;
There are bright flowers still — thou art not lone;
And oh, more blest than this to Woman's heart,
Thou hast bright memories that can ne'er depart,
Of those who rest!

BY-PAST TIME.

> "I may not muse—I must not dream,
> Too beautiful these visions seem
> For earth and mortal man—but when
> Shall by-past time come back again."

It will not come—it cannot come, too brilliant
was its hue,
Such fair things scarcely reach their bloom, ere
they are faded too,
And thou, beloved one! who to me wert dearer
than my soul,
For thee the silver cord is loosed, and broken is
the bowl.

I would have held thee back to life, or else have
died with thee,
But thou art gone, and memory is all that stays
with me—
And while thy grave is in the deep, thy knell the
sea-bird's wail,
That memory shall still be thine till life and
reason fail.

thou hadst lived, full well I know our love was
all in vain,
ıe sunny hours we had proved could never
come again;
ıd he, the chosen one who now a deeper love
hath won,
:serves not that my thoughts should be with
thee, departed one!

:t will he not one memory chide of past and
happy hours,
hich thou, my brother, spent with me in child-
hood's fairy bowers.
r will he grudge the mournful tear above thy
ocean-bed,
ıce I on earth awhile must dwell, and thou —
art with the Dead!

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

> "A youthful head with its shining hair,
> And its quick, bright flashing eye —
> Well may we weep! for the boy was fair,
> Too fair a thing to die!"

And thou, young dreamer! art thou laid beneath
the forest shade,
So early hast thou passed away, to silent slumber laid; —
Death came upon thee when thy brow was
lighting up for Fame,
And thy young lips had proudly sworn to win
a deathless name.

The free, glad smile that floated once upon thy
speaking face,
Still haunts the memory like a spell which
nothing can efface;
But oh, to feel its living light can never beam
again!
Strikes coldly on each heart to which it ne'er
appealed in vain.

To know that young heart's life-blood ebbed in
wasting drops away,
Without one mourner's pitying eye to watch
thy slow decay,
Without a mother's silent tear, a sister's fond
embrace,
To cheer when Death had darkly thrown its
shadows o'er thy face.

Alwyn! farewell — too early dead! though
distant be thy grave,
Fond tears will still be shed for thee, as sorrow
ever gave;
And though above thy sleeping form, no kindred
eye shall weep,
Yet the heart — the pitying heart shall dwell
above thy dreamless sleep.

LINGER NOT!

Oh, linger not! too mournful is this place without the smile
That threw around such beaming light, on every spot erewhile;
Oh, linger not! for Music's breath gives forth no sound so sweet
As that beloved voice shall bring, when once again we meet.
Linger not!

The flowers that spend their fragrant breath round the forsaken room,
Though gay with life and beauty still, for me have no perfume,
And the sweet sunlight once so dear, is cold and pale to me,
There is no light nor beauty here, beloved! without thee.
Linger not!

I look abroad with sickening heart on meadows
gay with bloom,
And the sweet autumnal radiance seems like
garlands on a tomb ;
I turn away from glowing scenes — they seem
not fair to me —
I have no thought of happiness, save that which
turns to thee.
Linger not !

Oh, linger not ! when thou art near, though
tempests darkly come —
I heed them not, if by thy side I sit amidst
the gloom ;
To thee in all my stormy hours, the spirit still
would cling,
As when amidst the summer bloom, or flowers
of radiant spring.
Linger not !

THE BATTLE OF SAN JANCINTO.

——— "I hear it now,
The heavy tread of mail-clad multitudes
Like thunder showers upon the forest paths."

I hear them still — lo! where the footsteps throng
Of armed thousands break upon the ear,
While the tired sense is now for silence longing.
Yet strains again the distant sounds to hear.

Lo! where unnumbered plumes are proudly waving,
And banners glittering in the sun's red beam,
While the fierce war-horse his proud hoof is laving
In the red blood that flows in many a stream.

'T is there the battle now is madly raging
And foe with foe, maintains a deadly strife,
While some doomed hero, still the contest waging,
Falls while he deems his own a charmed life.

Brave men and true! in Freedom's cause unshaken,
Yours was the task to make the cowards quail:
Yours the blest song of Liberty to waken
While the loud echoes rung through wood and dale.

Shout! for the conqueror's arm is now victorious,
And War's shrill clarion hath not called in vain,
And Freedom's banners now are floating, glorious
Above the field where sleep the early slain.

PALE IS THY CHEEK.

Pale is thy cheek, my love! the sunken eye
No more is bent in tenderness upon me,
I may not hear the gushing melody,
From that dear voice which oft from sorrow won me.
This world hath now no greater misery,
Than thus to see thee die.

And I have felt the chill of that cold brow,
  And kissed the lips once more whence life
    hath perished,
And that pale cheek which now hath lost the
    glow
  In youth and health so beautifully cherished;
    Death has come o'er the beauty of thy face,
      And withered every grace.

And now farewell! our happy, fleeting years,
  I cannot bear in this sad hour to number,
No trace is left of them, except the tears
  Which fall, unheeded now, on thy dark slumber;
    Darkness is on that high and lofty brow,
      And all is silent now.

And I must go to linger once again
  Where first in gay and happy scenes I met thee,
And, in the crowd, must try to quell this pain,
  Though my crushed spirit never can forget thee!
    'T is past! our earthly ties are broken, love,
      But we shall meet above!

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Look at them! they are lovely in their bloom,
  Clustering around like flowers—beauteous forms
And childish faces, free from care and gloom,
  Unheeding all Life's shadowy clouds and storms.
Yes, they are lovely—the bright tresses' flow,
  The young eye sparkling in its happy light,
The soft cheek lighted with a radiant glow,
  And brows all beaming—'t is a glorious sight!
What is *thy* lot, fair boy? Manhood will come,
  And with it, thoughts that burn, and dreams of fame,
The restless nights—Ambition's prize—the tomb,
  For these thou 'lt strive to win a deathless name.
And thou, young, soft-eyed girl! what is thy lot?
  Dreaming perhaps of bright, unshadowed days,
Yet the reality will bless thee not,
  And the sweet dream will mock thine earnest gaze.
God help ye, little ones! and keep ye pure,
  Untouched by staining sin or wasting pain,
And, in His own fair paths, hold ye secure,
  'T ill in His presence ye shall meet again!

LINES

FOR THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY.

> "Thou wilt weep mournfully, oh! Human Love,
> Even on this green sward."

There is no mournful sound
Borne by the breeze around,
Telling of some lone slumberer resting there,
No mourners yet are seen
Slow pacing o'er the green,
The loved one to his resting-place to bear.

There are no shadowy dead,
Filling the mind with dread,
Bringing strange terrors that will not depart—
Ne'er hath this silent ground
Thrown up its sods around,
To hide in its cold breast some loving heart.

Yet, come to this lone field
When Summer hath revealed
Her blooming stores of brilliant flowers again.
And the raised turf will tell
How often and how well,
Death hath brought victims to this desert plain.

Here will the hoary head,
O'er which long years hath sped,
Find in this resting-place a long repose, —
Say, will it not be sweet
For the worn frame, to meet
So calm a sanctuary for its woes!

Here will the mother rest,
And, haply, on her breast,
The child she nourished there when life was new,
Oh! blest indeed to bear
So rich a treasure there,
From the cold world's uncertain mercies too.

The father's manly head
Is sleeping by the dead,
Borne down amidst the hopes of manhood's prime;
And *she* — the Desolate!
Why comes she not to wait
Her own glad summons, and to bide her time!

The child, with sunny brow
And bright locks floating now,
And cheek all glowing with its young delight,
Shall hither come to lay
Its wearied limbs from play,
When from its eye is quenched the radiant light.

Here shall the infant's form
Rest, sheltered from the storm,
Oh ! soft and quiet be its holy sleep —
Fond Mother ! bid no tear
Flow for thy darling here,
For its shut eyelids never more can weep.

And he — the mariner — he,
Lone Dweller of the Sea,
Returning homeward from the mighty deep, —
He too shall find a home
Within some quiet tomb,
Sleep, wave-tossed slumberer ! thy last long sleep.

Here then will silent rest,
Upon the turf's green breast,
The forms that now doth tread its unturned sod,
Till the last trump shall sound,
Waking the Dead around,
And calling each worn pilgrim to his God !

FELICIA HEMANS.

Gone to thy home, bright spirit! mid the skies,
The glorious skies, where thy sweet minstrelsy
Hath oft ascended, when all other ties
To thy pure soul hath almost ceased to be.
Earth will not hear such tones as thine again,
Thou of the lofty strain.

No more thy lays shall echo from the tomb,
Where sleep in long repose, the sainted dead,
No more thine angel tones shall cheer thy home,
Whence valor's plume or beauty's smile hath fled;
God called thee where the lyre now is strung
To notes which angels sung.

What hath thy song not blest? the woods, the flowers,
The burning stars and the all-glorious Sea,
Earth's lowliest homes and grandeur's loftiest towers,
All won a sweet but mournful song from thee.
And its low murmurs could awake a spell
Thou only know'st so well.

But of its raptured tones, the dearest one
Was that which breathed alone of Human Love —
Though thou wert left in this cold world alone,
To brave its storms, and its wild perils prove;
Thou, to whose high-browed genius, nations bowed,
The lofty and the proud!

Gone to thy home! and still thy sweetest song
Was breathed from dying lips in murmurs sweet,
In swan-like melodies, low, soft, yet strong,
Such tones as make the very heart to weep.
Lonely and bright, thy star hath now ascended,
And thy dark wo is ended.

TO "LIZZIE."

Do I not love thee, Lizzie? — not the days
  Of young Romance e'er brought a deeper feeling,
Than springs within me when thy friendly gaze
  Brightens my home, in beauty o'er it stealing.

Pilgrims were we in Life's untraveled way,
  When Youth shone round us like a veil of beauty,
We trod that path till sorrow came one day,
  And dashed our cup with cold and painful duty.

Still did we travel on — but not without
  The torn and bleeding feet which Earth had given,
The memories sad — the dark and painful doubt,
  The longings for the loved ones gone to Heaven.

And though we met not in the days of yore,
  Still spirit answered to its kindred spirit,
And bade us hope that time would wake once more,
  The truthful love which earnest souls inherit.

And Time hath brought us what we sought with tears,
  The peaceful calm which comes when Romance leaves us,
The Hope serene in Life's declining years,
  And freedom from the mockery that grieves us;

The patient trust that all is right and true,
  The power to look on Death without repining,
The hope that gilds the fading hours anew,
  The star which Faith keeps ever o'er us shining,

Oh! thus to strengthen each the other's heart,
  Is it not holy? — is there aught of sadness,
Thus in each other's griefs to bear a part,
  And dream together of eternal gladness!

COME TO THE SEA SIDE.

Come to the sea side, when the billows raging,
  Are rolling wildly in their ancient home,
Come, when their fiercest battle they are waging,
  When Night and Darkness veil the white sea
    foam.

Come, when the fated bark is rent asunder,
  Her canvass torn, her lofty masts o'erthrown,
Her giant timbers quivering 'neath the thunder,
  Which shakes old Ocean on his watery throne.

Come to the sea-side, when the deepest quiver
  Of the bright sails that o'er the waters rove,
Is to your ear, scarce louder than the shiver
  Of the frail aspen which the light winds move.

Come when the last faint light of day is closing,
When wearied Earth hath lain herself to sleep,
Come when the radiant moonlight is reposing
In lonely stillness, on the calm blue deep;

And own that all of Beauty or of splendor,
All that is grand and lovely centres here,
That, through the world, no other spot can render
An awe so thrilling — a repose so dear.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

Close by the wall, by the sweet hawthorn shaded,
My window looks upon his little grave,
The lowly thorn is now all bare and faded,
And leafless branches sadly o'er it wave.

The wintry snows have long been round it lying,
And the bleak frost winds sound in cheerless gloom,
And all mute emblems that express our dying,
Are scattered round the little Edward's tomb.

Yet 't is not sad that his young life hath ended,
  That here his image haunts us, though unseen,
For oh ! that child's sweet memory is blended
  With all things fresh and beautiful and green.

He loved the flowers — the bright and glowing flowers,
  Scatter them thickly o'er that little bed —
Come in the quiet hush of morning hours,
  And strew them o'er the Beautiful — the Dead !

Lift up thy vision then, to highest Heaven,
  Where that young voice is heard in angel praise,
And bless the Father who hath richly given
  This sweet remembrance for thy future days;

That He, the loved, *not lost* — is but awaiting
  Thine entrance to the glorious spirit home,
That thou shalt hear that angel voice repeating
  Once more, sweet household words, "Dear Mother, Come !"

TO C. A. B.

I know thee — yet I know thee not —
  (Life hath such changes, sad or bright) —
Yet when I think of one dear spot,
  I deem thee not a stranger quite.
That one dear spot — the place of birth,
  No matter where — in hall or cot,
By waving fields or rocky earth,
  It never can be all forgot.
And dear is still our childhood's home,
  Though bleak and wild its rock-bound shore,
Dear is each wave with crested foam,
  And dear the ocean's deepest roar.

Not ours the home where lofty towers
  And costly temples rise in pride —
But oh, the sun in summer hours,
  Shines on no lovelier scene beside.
Thou art no stranger—if my thought
  Points truly to the years long fled,
Each dream of thine is deeply fraught
  With memories of the sainted Dead.
For in that dim old church, which thou
  Hast painted well with memory's brush,
I've seen thy father's placid brow
  Grow calmer in the Sabbath hush.

And well do I remember too,
  Thy gentle mother's face serene —
The index of a heart as true
  As ever beat on Earth's false scene.
The Honored Dead! oh, many a face
  That beamed upon our childhood's way,
While worshipping in that old place,
  Is dim beneath the turf to-day.
And many a voice, that raised its first
  Low, trembling tones within those walls,
Hath hushed its songs beneath the dust,
  Or echoes but in heavenly halls.

Pastor and people — all are gone,
  The babes baptized at that old font,
The grey old men, have entered on
  Their journey to the sacred mount.
And we — we stand amid the throng
  Where strangers come who know us not, —
And, with a restless yearning, long
  For Rest within that hallowed spot.
When death is stealing over me,
  And Life's vain dreams are almost o'er,
My last and fondest wish will be
  To find a grave by that wild shore.

Thou wild old shore! whose echoes roar
  In night's dark watches, deep and free,
When I forget thee, then no more,
  Shall aught on earth remember me.
And thou — whose youthful pencil drew
  Those scenes with all an artist's skill, —
Whose music o'er those waters threw
  A charm that lingers round them still;
What dearer hope remains to thee,
  Than this — to sleep, where Ocean's roar
Shall fling its strange, wild melody
  Above thy slumber, as of yore.

TO J———.

When will thy thoughts to me, dear friend, be roving,
When will the shadow linger on thy brow,
As memories of me, still kind and loving,
Break through the sunlight that surrounds thee now?

Not when the glad light of the early morning
Beams with new splendor in the Eastern sky,
Not when the glorious noontime is adorning
The brightened scenes which then before thee lie.

But in the shadow of some broken willow,
Where thou hast sat thee down for calm repose,
Or, watching lonely by the sounding billow,
When Ocean's dreamy murmur round thee flows.

So let thy memory come, when all of gladness
Hath faded from thy spirit and thine eye,
So let me be to thee a thought of sadness,
Dimming the brightness of thy sunny sky.

Think of me, then, when sickness finds thee fading
Beneath the power of her chastising rod,
Think of me when the dark clouds overshading,
Lead thee, a mourner, to the Throne of God.

And I will bless thee, then — all unrepining
That Health and Gladness dwell with me no more,
And trust the chastening Power, thus all refining,
To bring me safe where sorrow shall be o'er.

LINES

TO A REED TAKEN FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGINIA, IN THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

Low by that distant grave,
Beyond the sea's dark wave,
Thou hadst thy place mid fairer things around;
Say, did no echo there,
Float on the summer air
To tell the stranger this was sacred ground?

Was there no sound of aught
Which to the spirit brought,
A holy thrill of sweet and calm delight,
Breathing *her* memory
Like music from the sea,
Or strains from airy-wind harps heard at night?

Did not that murmur swell
Within some pearly shell,
Thrown up amidst dull weeds from ocean's cave,
Telling of that dark hour,
When the fierce storm-king's power
Buried that loving heart beneath the wave.

Thou hadst thine own green home
Beside that quiet tomb,
But stranger hands have brought thee o'er the sea,
And thou shalt be indeed
A memory, lone reed,
Of her whose distant grave was marked by thee!

A BROTHER TO HIS ABSENT SISTER.

Though months have passed unheeded by,
  My gentle sister, since I met thee,
Yet think not, for a moment, I
  Could coldly, heartlessly forget thee.
No—mid the hum of busy earth,
  The crowded city's loud commotion,
Whene'er a thought of *thee* has birth,
  It stirs my soul with strong emotion.

We, too, have stood beside the dead,
  Have wept our childish tears together,
Have smiled on joys forever fled,
  Have dreamed alike of sunnier weather.
But ne'er in bright or stormy hour,
  Had love for thee so strongly bound me,
As when I saw thee leave the shore,
  While thy sweet children clustered round thee.

ove thee, sister — and I feel
That there are ties of Heaven's own twining,
hose slightest thread can o'er us steal,
When thus in absence we are pining.
rewell — and when the western sun
Upon thy cottage home is setting,
ink, sister, that there still is one, —
A Brother, kind and unforgetting.

LINES

VRITTEN ON READING "THE FLIGHT OF TIME."

Hope on — God never sent a pain
  But with it came the cure,
Nor probed a bleeding heart in vain, —
  He wounds to make it pure.
And what if stranger's feet may press
  The floors where once we trod,
If kindred hearts no more may bless
  Our own green native sod!
Are we not here on earth awhile,
  Our hope and faith to test?
And bleeding feet, for many a mile,
  Must bear us to our rest; —

Yet courage, brother! though the path
  Be dark, and thorny, too,
God watches thee in love, not wrath, —
  He'll bring thee safely through.
And on thy lip a smile of peace
  Shall linger yet again,
Thy faith, thy hope shall still increase,
  And triumph over pain.
Again the "twilight prayer" will rise
  Beside the hearth-stone dear,
And voices from the upper skies
  Will join that chorus clear.

And this will be when Life's low tones
  Are faintly heard by thee,
And weak Humanity, in moans,
  Pours forth her agony.
But hope thou on — a brighter hour
  Than e'er met earthly sight,
Is that when Death shall veil his power
  Before God's wondrous might.
That hour — oh, more than mortal faith
  Will to our souls be given,
When, glorious over Time and Death,
  We rise from Earth to Heaven.

TRUST IN GOD!

ORTUNES may come, but the heart will not
heed them,
stayed on His truth, and upheld by His
rod,
y are blessings indeed, if but so we may
read them,
r they lead the pained spirit to trust in its
God.

Greatest and Best had his trials and sadness,
hile over life's sorrowful pathway he trod,
his heaviest hours caught sunbeams of glad-
ness,
r He, of all others, could trust in his God.

Father! when round us the night shadows
darken,
on the lone track of our journey we plod,
help us to smile at our lot, and to hearken
the life giving words — "still trust in
your God."

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

"There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. My heart aches for that boy *as if I had never been he.*"—*Master Humphrey's Clock.*

Fair child! thou weepest at my crippled state,
Oh, sweetest, dry thy tears — I had almost
Forgotten that I was not tall and straight,
As they who nature's best creation boast.
Thy tears, belov'd, have brought me back mine
own,
And in a moment thou hast sent me back
To my sad childhood, when forlorn and alone,
I measured my first steps on Life's dull track.
Now I remember one bright summer day,
My little brothers and my sisters fair,
Gathered around our mother's chair in play,
And I, the stricken cripple too, was there.

My mother held a picture in her hand,
A soft, sweet painting, and the summer light
Fell on it as it showed a lovely band
Of infant angels with their faces bright;
And I remember how the fancy rose
To trace a likeness in each brother's face,
To those sweet features in their soft repose,
And well could I each dear resemblance trace.
But there were none I found resembling *me*,
The little cripple had no semblance there —
I see my mother's look of agony,
As the poor bent one crept beneath her chair.

Oh, I have lain all night, and sighed and wept
For that poor boy *as if I were not he!*
Wearing the time out while my brothers slept,
In one long burst of bitter agony.
Now I am old — *alas, when was I young!*
Chained to old age and sorrow from my birth.
Yet weeping, sorrowing, suffering, still I 've clung
In sadness to the loveliest things of earth.
Beauty is with me in my wildest dreams,
Amid the silent watches of the night,
And then, beloved child, it almost seems
As if I, too, were beautiful and bright.

"MISERRIMUS."

"On a grave-stone in Worcester Cathedral, is this emphatic inscription, with neither name nor date, comment nor text. Like those simple and touching words which may be read on a stone in one of the French cemeteries, "*Ma fille!*" and which, in their simplicity, imply all that can most forcibly appeal to the heart — so "*Miserrimus*," or "The Most Wretched," is an inscription striking and affecting in its nature."

To these lone depths I call! —
Is this sad record all
Of one who erst made earth his dwelling place?
Oh! from yon dark profound
Send up one earth-born sound,
Which that sad mourner's history may retrace!

Was there no hope for him —
Was life *all* cold and dim
To one made up of passion from his birth? —
Oh, by that agony
With which he looked to thee,
Send up thine answer, dark and mighty Earth!

Was there no friendly breast
On which his grief might rest,
Was the lone earth all desolate and drear;
Was there no kindred nigh,
Was there no pitying eye
To shed for his dark fate one kindly tear?

Was there no holy word,
By the deep night wind stirred,
ɔm Nature's secret caverns, speaking peace;—
Or, by the noontide breeze,
Wafted from sunlit seas,
lding his wild and stormy passions cease?—

God doth not leave his own
To wander thus alone,
the dark waves of troubled seas to mourn,—
Did not this child of wo
Hear the sweet whispers low,
ıat bade him to his Father's house return?

Deep answers unto deep,
Waking the echo's sleep;
l things may answer, save thee, silent grave!
Thou hast no voice to tell
Of woes that once befel
m whose dark spirit bent 'neath trouble's wave.

Sleep then, sad mourner, sleep;
We may not pierce the deep
ıat hides thy misery from mortal ken,
In heaven there yet is Rest;
Even thou mayst there be blest—
ıere "The Most Wretched" may find peace again.

SHADOWS ON THE SEA SHORE.

There is a shore, on whose white sands,
  My foot hath oft in childhood trod,
And by my side, the infant bands,
  Who rest beneath the dreary sod,
Or trace their paths in other lands,
  With none to recognize but God;

I stand beside that shore again,
  In fancy I behold them now,
I see the drops of summer rain
  Bathing again each laughing brow,
And as I mark the shadowy train,
  I cry to each, "Oh, where art thou!"

Thou with that brow so calmly high,
  And cold, pale cheek, that scorned the tear
That sometimes dimmed thy clear grey eye,
  The proud, thin lip, the tone severe,
The form that rose commandingly,
  The heart that knew no selfish fear.

Thou liest beneath the cold grey stone,
  Thy tribute is a mother's grief—
She loved thee well, her only one,
  Her sorrow knows no sweet relief,—
Each year there comes a deeper tone
  Of wailing, in the autumn leaf.

And there was one whose sunny face,
  The hue of health so brightly wore,
Whose form, with free, unstudied grace,
  Was lighter than the breeze that bore
The summer scents to that wild place—
  The Naiad of that lonely shore.

She left that shore for other climes,
  She revelled in the stranger's halls,
No thought of earlier, happier times
  Come there within those glittering walls—
Beneath her groves of clustering limes
  No tear for childhood's memories falls.

One too, the bravest of the brave,
  The brightest and the manliest one,
Who fell on battle's bloody grave,
  When slowly sank the setting sun;
Whose valor, beauty, could not save
  From that dark sepulchre they won.

Peace to thy grave, young hero! now,
  The plume and banner waving o'er
The dull, cold battle-field, while thou
  Art cherished in the heart's deep core;
The life which thou didst proudly vow
  To fame and country, is no more.

Thou too, whose noble, manly brow,
  Bespoke a noble, generous heart,
The seal of death is on thee now,
  Called suddenly from earth to part;
Borne down to Ocean's caverns low,
  Struck by Death's sharp, resistless dart.

Thy chord of life was soon unstrung,
  Thou sleepest 'neath the sea's white foam
Thou, on whose smile so many hung,
  Mysteriously found thy tomb;
Thy soul in that dark hour upsprung
  To find thine everlasting Home!

A gentle girl, with flowing hair,
  And soft blue eye that seeks the ground,
Comes forth upon the hill-side there,
  And looking wistfully around,
Earth hath no mortal form more fair,
  No earthly voice hath sweeter sound.

Softly she sings—her song hath power
  To soothe the deepest thought of wo;
She sings, and gladness rules the hour,
  While her beloved accents flow;
Soft, sweet, yet gay, no clouds can lour
  Upon that spirit's sunny glow.

Yet she—but let this feeble strain
  Forbear to trace her dreary lot,
Life was to her one long, dull pain,
  The martyrdom where Hope beams not,
The grief which does not dare complain,
  The waste where blooms no greener spot!

Thou too, the brother, kind and brave,
  The earliest loved, the latest fled,
Could not our earnest pleadings save
  Thy form from mingling with the dead,
Nor claim the solace o'er thy grave,
  The burning tears of grief to shed!

Long shall the rugged sailor keep
  Thy form within his memory—
And listening to thy name shall weep,
  While sailing on the midnight sea,
He marks that shore, with sorrow deep,
  That treasures all that once was *thee*.

A thousand treasured memories now
  Come throbbing o'er my wearied brain,
The sun's last rays are sinking low,
  And I must seek the crowd again,
Yet once again, before I go,
  Receive, wild shore, my farewell strain.

Farewell! ye gliding shades, farewell,
  Farewell, thou silvery, star-lit shore,
Ye rocks that I have loved so well,
  Farewell, the deep and mournful roar
Of Ocean in its deepest swell,—
  I go in tears,—farewell, once more!

THE PICTURE.

Within an artist's room, I saw her sitting,
  Upon a lowly seat in careless grace,
Her golden locks so gloriously befitting
  The loveliness of that sweet childish face.

And this was when the earth was bright with flowers,
  And the soft Summer odors filled the air,
And the bright hues that deck the summer bowers,
  Were thrown around the lovely picture there.

And often I have called back that sweet face,
  And the soft painting which upon me smiled,
And thought how I should love again to trace
  The imaged beauty of that lovely child.

Now hath the year sent down its snowy veil,
  And clothed the cold gray earth in purest white,
And she, the loved one, lies as cold and pale
  As the dim snow-wreath hiding her from sight.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

"A pretty looking chapel now stands at the entrance of Greenwood, containing a bell, to be tolled when the funeral trains pass in. *I felt compassion for it, because all its life long it was obliged to utter sad tones.*"—MRS. CHILD'S LETTERS.

A solemn task is thine, oh, Bell!
  No "joyous chords" ring there
From that lone tower wherein no swell
  Of gladness fills the air;
Thou canst not on the Sabbath morn,
  The Living call to pray,
Thou echoest not from rock and hill,
  On that most holy day.
And when the shout of victory
  Is heard our hills among,
Thou soundest not a note to swell
  The tide of choral song;—
Only for *these*—the Dead, who pass
  Beneath that archway lone,

Only for *these* thou soundest forth
  With such a mournful tone.
The old man bowed to earth with years,
  The father in his pride,
The mother parted from her child,
  The loved and blooming bride; —
Youth snatched in beauty to the tomb,
  And Childhood's sunny hair,
Laid down in darkness and in gloom,
  To find a pillow there;
These, one by one, draw forth thy notes,
  Thy music wakes not, save
When human hearts are breaking there
  Beside the open grave.
Yet pour thy thrilling tones again
  Thine is a task most high,
A human soul is passing now,
  A soul that cannot die.
They lay the wasted Mortal down,
  Beneath the verdant sod,
The heaven born Spirit soars above
  To meet its Father, God!
So, when the dreary gates have oped
  To Greenwood's quiet shade,
Ring all thy sweetest music out
  For those to slumber laid.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Dwell with me, fairy spirit! do not leave me,
  Abide with me, as in long days ago;
Hover around me still, for much 't would grieve me,
  If I thy influence should no longer know.
Bid me, with chastened heart, again to linger
  Amid the bowers of beautiful Romance,
Before the touch of Time's unsparing finger
  Hath dimmed the brightness of thy sunny glance.
Bid me in those deep woods' unbroken shadow,
  To pass, as once I passed the hours away,
Bring me again, where hill, and stream, and meadow,
  Witnessed the gladness of my childhood's play.

ead me once more to where the old church tower
Falls in deep shadow o'er my sunny home; —
ı, do not all these memories have a power
Too beautiful from aught but *thee* to come?
ome to me when the glorious skies are lighted,
In solemn radiance, at the midnight hour;
ome to me when in darkness all benighted,
My spirit kneels to thy undying power.
ome when a deep and fervent word is spoken,
When a kind heart leaps upward at the sound,
hen a calm eye bespeaks a faith unbroken,
When a glad smile diffuses sunlight round; —
ıd ever, when the toils of Earth are round me,
And my soul faints beneath them, come thou then,
ıd with thy kindly influence surround me,
And bring me gently back to hope again.

BE STRONG.

Be strong, to bear whatever fate
  May have in future store for thee,
Be strong, amid the love or hate
  That gilds or clouds thy destiny —
And as thy life is hastening on,
Still, glad or suffering, be thou strong!

In wealth if thou hast vainly placed
  The hopes that feeble souls uphold,
And on thy future life hast traced
  A brilliant texture, wrought of gold,
The glittering bubble breaks ere long,
And thou, though cheated, must be strong!

If friends prove false, still keep thy strength,
  Alone thou best may brave the strife,
And joyful may arrive at length,
  Where one *true* friend may cheer thy life.
Still, still, through treachery and wrong,
Through falsehood, malice, be thou strong!

Love wove for thee a splendid chain,
  A willing slave you soon became,
TRUTH snapped the shining links in twain,
  And love soon proved an empty name.
Sad was your heart — your conflict long,
Yet something whispered, "Be thou strong!"

Fame raised for thee a thrilling sound,
  And blew her trumpet far and wide —
But while the notes she poured around,
  Mean Envy came and pierced your side.
Her poisoned shafts you bore full long,
Bear nobly still, and still be strong!

And thus, till Death shall break the ties,
  That bind thee to this spot of earth,
Let Faith "lift up her tearless eyes"
  Towards a home of heavenly birth.
Glad Thought! Earth's conflict is not long,
Still nobly suffer, and Be Strong!

TO S. C. H.

Sweet friend, thou grievest that we thus are parted —
Fondly thou mournest when I 'm far from thee;
So I would have thee mourn, my own true-hearted!
So do *I* mourn because no more with thee.
No more with thee? Oh, think not memory sleepeth,
Recalling not the days of other years;
Believe that still those treasured hours she keepeth,
Waking the sources of unnumbered tears.
Believe, that when the Evening's darkening shadows,
Are resting mournfully on hill and tree,
When the sweet light forsakes the fields and meadows,
Unfailingly, she goeth back to thee.
Back to the days when we, the careless hearted,
Wept not, except at tales of others' wo,
When, watched and guarded by the dear Departed,
We had not learned the cares of life to know.

nd when the radiant morning light doth waken,
till doth thy spirit come to me again,
till do I know thine ancient love unshaken,
Through joy, through sorrow, happiness, and
pain.
nd though our sunny youth be sadly blighted,
Though the dark shadows on our pathway lie,
Yet shall that darkened path again be lighted
By stars that beam throughout Eternity.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Not vain the story of that fabled river
Which ancient poets in the old time sang,
Where mortals plunged, with one convulsive
shiver,
Then, fresh with youth and life, again upsprang,
Life's deepest essence once again renewing, —
The soft blue eye of childhood, bright yet meek,
Lighted with brilliancy, and all-subduing, —
The smooth, red lip, the rosy, rounded cheek.

No! not in vain—for deeply underlying
  The seeming fable, is this glorious truth,
That FOR THE HEART there is no fearful dying,
  If bathed in fountains of eternal youth.
And, in those flowing and transparent waters,
  Which gleam in windings oft before our eyes,
There is no wave whence God's true sons and daughters,
  May not in radiant, star-crowned youth arise.
And all along the shores of that deep river,
  Are myriads of the chosen, who in trust
Have brought their sin stained robes to Him, the Giver,
  And in His fount have cleansed from soiling dust.
Fast by His throne, that mighty wave still floweth,
  As erst it flowed by new born Paradise,
And bright above, a heavenly star still gloweth,
  To greet the earth-worn pilgrim's longing eyes.
And ever, when thy full heart pines in sorrow,
  Toil-stained and drooping with Life's deepest pain,
Come to that fount, and trust the coming morrow
  Will find thy spirit fresh and young again.
Then will the story of this blest Ideal,
  Grow brighter and more perfect to the eye,
Till it be lost in that more blessed Real,
  The glorious Actual of Eternity!

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA.

The Autumn gale is sweeping past,
  With mournful cadence on my ear;
In solemn sadness comes the blast,
  The echo of the dying year —
It only speaks to me of one
From the cold earth forever gone!

Thou dying year! a type art thou
  Of human hopes and human love, —
When thy pale leaves began to bow,
  She left us for her home above.
For her, the change how bright, how glad!
For us, how mournful and how sad!

Fair was her brow, though years had thrown
  A gentle shadow o'er her face,
For time with her had lightly flown
  Nor won from her a single grace; —
Her sweet voice had as soft a thrill,
As though her youth hung round her still.

I saw her not when tyrant Death
  Had clouded o'er that gentle brow,
I was not near when failing breath
  Had left her motionless as now;
Beloved! why was I not near
To watch thy last and parting tear!

She sleeps where Autumn winds shall wail
  Her requiem o'er the silent spot,
She heedeth not the chilling gale,
  The wintry snow — she feels it not;
But never Autumn tempests blew
Above a heart more kind and true.

And Spring shall dress her grave with flowers,
  Which love's fond hands have planted there —
The spirit to celestial bowers,
  The form to gentle Earth's soft care;
The one to its low home of clay,
The other to the realms of day.

Darkness is on her earthly home —
  The bright, glad spirit which she bore,
Though sometimes dimmed by passing gloom,
  Still rose elastic as before;
Now risen on its heaven-ward track,
Oh! who would call that spirit back!

BY THE DARK RIVER.

"Oh! thou who despairest of Life and Man—who hast found no sympathy or comfort, and hast taken desolate self dependence and cold distrustfulness for thy bosom companions—put away this bitterness, and think within thyself of that bright morning in Paradise when many spirits shall gather round thee and say, 'I wept for thee—and I remembered thee in my prayers—and I watched thee, and knew what thou hadst to suffer—and thou knewest it not.'"

By the dark river where the sufferers gather,
Bathing their spirits in Despair's cold stream,
Thou who art happy, trace thy footsteps thither,
Ere the last hope within their souls shall wither,
And throw upon the wave one brighter gleam.

Cast off the cold distrust that bids thee leave them,
Show them how the large heart may beat for wo,
Let not one chilling accent fall to grieve them,—
If by one kindly word thou canst relieve them,
Oh! freely let that murmuring comfort flow.

Thou who art sheltered 'neath thy homelike dwelling,
Thou by whose hearth the fire is never dark,
Think of the lowly hut where Grief is swelling,
And Poverty her dismal tale is telling,
And dim upon the hearth — the scanty spark.

And ye who revel in the gay world's glory,
To whom the syren Pleasure breathes her song,
Look, for the dark cloud even now is o'er ye, —
Look on the Desolate who stands before ye,
And by his sufferings be your heart made strong.

Strong to give aid — strong to bind up the drooping,
And strong to cast the world's reproach away,
To raise the form beneath its burden stooping,
And with thine own heart's tendrils kindly looping
The scattered links of his hard destiny.

Then shall that mourning soul — no more despairing
Of Life — of God, or of Humanity,
No more the tear-stained robe of sorrow wearing,
No more the world's cold scorn in anguish sharing,
Lose the long memory of his agony.

So, in thine own heart be this solace living,
  That thou hast stirred within another's breast,
A sacred joy, like that which wakes in heaven,
When to the Saint his star-lit crown is given,
  And God hath taken him to endless rest.

And with a holy reverence, be it spoken, —
  For He who pitieth as a father can,
Teaches thee daily, by each heaven-born token,
To cheer the sorrowing, heal the spirit broken,
  And bid them not despair of Life nor Man.

TRUE ALCHEMY.

"It has struck me sometimes whether the first Alchemist may not have been an allegory, intended to show forth how much an earnest, searching spirit can effect; how worthless things may, in the high heart's crucible, be changed to precious ore."

I, too, have thought how that old, wondrous story,
  Might picture but a true heart's mighty will,
To change the dullness of our life to glory,
  And scatter brightness o'er the future still.

Alone and desolate, an old man standing
  Within a secret room, at deepest night —
Yet by his mighty will each power commanding
  To turn that darkness into glorious light.
Into his vase each element is flowing,
  With leaden sluggishness, till fervent heat
Lights up the crucible; and, brightly glowing,
  The fires from those commingling powers meet.
So in the human heart, the strong Will, moving
  Opposing passions, dark and sullen things,
Unsuited to that heart's deep, holy loving,
  Can bring, from all the spirit's sweetest springs.
Darkness awhile may hover o'er that spirit,
  Passion may tempt, and the hot cheek may glow,
And the dull mystery which *all* inherit,
  Of temper's wild, unequal ebb and flow.
But still the Will, in deepening life grown stronger,
  Forces each element to blend in peace,
Till the wild waves of human strife, no longer
  Grieveth the Spirit that would bid it cease.
And at the last, when all on earth shall waken,
  Touched by the Great Refiner's wondrous skill,
Our souls shall bear His image all unshaken,
  And the true gold reflect His spirit still.

COME TO THY HOME!

"Come to thy home!" thus said the friend and brother,
"Come to thy home, dear sister! let us be
Once more the loved and blest in one another,
As when I roved our native shore with thee."

Oh! as the dove that spreads her eager pinion,
Bearing her flight toward the ark of rest,
So, from the heartless world's unloved dominion,
Fain would I rest once more upon thy breast.

But while I wander thus afar in sadness,
Still would I question thee of friends and Home—
Doth our old haunts still echo sounds of gladness,
Or have dim shadows o'er their pathway come?

Do the grey rocks hang o'er the water's edge,
As they were wont to hang in days of yore?
Doth the lone robin chant in that old hedge?
Doth the white sea-bird skim along the shore?

Doth the soft brook flow by my mother's cot,
  With that sweet homefelt sound that came to me,
In the gay hours of childhood, on that spot
  Which shines the loveliest in my memory?

Say, if that old tree's shadow still reposes,
  As when *we* plucked its yellow fruitage there—
Doth the sweet lilacs and the crimson roses
  Come with sweet fragrance on the summer air?

Doth the sweet Sabbath morn appear the same,
  As when we listened to those well-known bells,
Are the old places changed in look or name,
  Hath Time not touched them with his icy spells?

Alas! how sad a tale thy face is telling!
  The summer winds still round those pathways play,
Still on our shores the ocean waves are swelling,
  But, oh! *our childhood's friends*, say where are they?

In the deep twilight shadow of the pines,
  Mid the deep forests of the far-off West,—
'Neath the bright verdure of the tangled vines,
  Sleep those who then our joyous childhood blest.

Where the bright waves beneath the sun are dancing,
  Where the lone deep above their slumber flows,
Or in some dell where scarce a beam is glancing,
  They have lain down in Nature's last repose.

And though we still are left to love each other,
  Yet a deep gloom must shadow each loved spot,
Think of me still, my own beloved brother,
  But ask me not to dwell *where they are not!*

"HOW SHALL WE KNOW THEM IN HEAVEN."

How shall we know them in the Spirit Land —
  The loved and blest who left us weeping here?
How shall our souls discern that angel band —
  How may we know again those once so dear?

Will not the earthly all be blotted out?
  Will not the clay-cold dust remain below?
Are not the grave's chill garments still about
  The lovely forms we may no longer know?

Oh! human hearts are faithless when they deem
  That He, the Loving Father, could have given
Unto our spirits such a fearful dream,
  To darken half our sweetest hopes of heaven.

By the deep, strong, unutterable tie
  That binds our souls in many an earth-born
    chain;
By the pure, sacred love, which cannot die,
  Shall we not meet and *know* in heaven again?

By the uncounted glimpses of the soul,
  Which here we see not clearly — by the notes
Of angel-music which shall near us roll,
  Through which some well remembered accent
    floats;

By the sweet starry eyes we loved on earth,
  By the familiar tones beloved of yore,
Changed not, yet grown into more heavenly birth,
  Thus shall we know them on the spirit-shore.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

At morning's early prime,
Or the sweet sunset time,
Thou comest to me like a beam of light;
Beside my daily hearth,
In gladness and in mirth,
Thou sittest with thy blue eyes glancing bright.

Softly, thy little neck,
The silken tresses deck;
Thy brow, all gentleness, is sweetly bent,
And now thy thrilling voice
Bids me to still rejoice
At tones that speak thy pleasure and content.

Oh! if thy future be
Aught that resembles thee,
How beautiful will pass thy gentle life!
Dear one, may heaven's own light
Shine o'er thee, clear and bright,
Undimmed by sorrow or by passion's strife.

Yet, ever, as I trace,
Upon thy speaking face,
Thy little heart's deep feelings, kind and pure,
My soul is stirred with pain,
To think that *once again*
The one sad dream of death I may endure.

But, oh! beloved one,
If thy bright morning sun
Go down at noon, with all its radiant light,
Mayst thou but shine afar,
Like some bright, glorious star,
To chase the darkness of my earthly night.

MEMORIES.

I hear the echoes of the summer dying;
Vainly my soul would call the wanderer back;
Vainly I listen, for the dark wing, flying,
Still urges on its sad and solemn track;
As the wild requiem o'er my ear is stealing,
That time is chanting for the silent dead,
Still is my memory in starts revealing
All the gay dreams which with the past are fled;

Tears! they are gushing from the soul's deep fountain,
While those dead forms flit by my troubled gaze;
Fain to the stillness of some lonely mountain,
I would depart, to muse on other days.
Oh, for the loved and lost! what joy revealing
To their pure spirits in a world above,
Where the wild storm of every earth-born feeling
Is soothed and hushed by an Almighty Love!

Calmed is my spirit now — the restless anguish
That hovered o'er me now hath left my breast,
Yet for the loved departed still I languish,
Eager I wait to join that peaceful rest.
Lay me where he, the Beautiful, is lying;
Let but my ashes press that hallowed sod;
Give me such peace as this when I am dying,
I ask no more, but leave the rest with God!

WRITTEN BY THE SEA SHORE.

Here where the mighty waves are rolling ever,
In solemn cadence, to this lonely shore,
I love to come, and heal the heart's hot fever,
With thoughts of those who wandered here
of yore.

And oh, when evening's folding shadows gather
On these wild rocks, and o'er the whitened beach,
How doth my spirit call to thee, my Father!
Father and brothers dear — I call to each.

Father! my *earthly* sight did ne'er behold thee,
Thou, at my orphan-birth, wert buried deep
In the wild sea, whose waves did then enfold thee,
And poured their requiem o'er thy ocean sleep.

But to the *spirit's* brighter, keener vision,
Ever thou comest with this holy spell,
"Daughter, I am not there — I have arisen,
Upward still turn thine eye to where I dwell!"

Father, dear Father! when I sent the blossom,
  The fair young blossom that so early fled,
Say, was not *thine* the blest, the chosen bosom,
  Whereon that little angel found its bed?

Did not thy hand support, with eager gladness,
  The little footstep on its untried way?
Did not thine eye look down and note my sadness
  In the dark hours of that unquiet day?

And when, in far-off isles, my brothers perished,
  Did not thy spirit, on the eternal shore,
Greet the brave souls, on earth so dearly cherished,
  With the fond love that dieth nevermore?

And thine, perhaps, will be the first fond greeting,
  That hails my entrance to that home of Love,
Where faith assures me of a blessed meeting
  With Father, Brothers, Child, in Heaven above.

Here, on this lonely shore, at twilight kneeling,
  Father — sweet brothers — angel child, I call,
Father who art in Heaven! To thee appealing,
  Father in Heaven! again unite us all.

1848.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. DALE.

Strong wert thou, noble friend! and fearlessly
Thou hadst been battling for the glorious Right,
When thou wert called away! Thine earnest soul
Was all too mighty for thy dying frame,
And burst the bonds which held it unto earth.
Where'er a spirit mourned, thy pity rose,
Where'er the poor were suffering, thy kind hand
Gave freely. Where the aged ones of earth
Sat by their dying embers, thou wert there,
Consoling, soothing, counselling, and oft
Bestowing the rich treasures of thy mind
In friendly converse. Where men came to talk
Of noble deeds and high resolves, thou too
Wert ever found, courteous, yet fearlessly
Meeting each double purpose or pretence,
With words too strong and mighty to refute;
Words from a soul too lofty for the crowd;
A soul whose unbrib'd freedom spurn'd the Wrong,

And shrunk not from the Right, though unsustained.
Thou wert the Childrens' Friend. No little one
E'er met thee in its daily path to school
Without thy kindly notice; and the round
Of daily lessons were rewarded well
If they but won thy praise.
Nature's open book
Was thy delight and study. Not a flower
That lifted up its unpresuming head,
But was endeared to thee; and all the grand,
Majestic scenery of hill and vale,
Of rock and forest, sea and flowing river,
Called forth the deepest feelings of a heart
Whose attribute was Love.
Ten years have passed
Since thou wert with the Dead; yet I remember,
When the sad tidings first had reached my ear,
My grief found words, and thus my spirit mourned;—

'T was thine, gentle spirit! to feel the decay
Of the poor feeble frame in which thou wert dwelling,
To watch the sure process which, day after day,
Thy anguished approach to the grave was foretelling;

But still thou didst shrink not — still lofty and free,
Thou fearlessly fronted'st the death weapon nearer,
While the smile on thy face was so lovely to see,
That Health's brightest glow could have made it no dearer.

And how often that smile, though weakened by pain,
Hath gladdened the mansions of sickness and sorrow,
And the sufferer hath caught from its brightness again,
A blessed assurance of health for to-morrow!

And thine was a friendship too bright and unfading,
To fleet with the fashion of worldlings away,
Not distance nor time, nor neglect overshading,
Could make its warm ardor grow cold or decay.

Thy children — they still will thy memory cherish,
Endeared by thy virtues and blest by thy love,
From their hearts may its beautiful fragrance not perish
Till they join thee in brightness and glory above.

And thy wife too — but *there* is a chord that hath broken,
And which may not be touched until years have rolled o'er;
Until God to the widowed heart comfort hath spoken,
Till she mourn thee less sadly, less deep than before.

We weep a farewell to the cold dust that bound thee
To Earth — all thy trials, thy sorrows are o'er;
And we feel that the hand that released thee, hath found thee
A Home where affliction is heard of no more.

TO —— IN HEAVEN.

Thou, who wert loved so well on earthly shores,
How art thou loved in Heaven? Is the fount
Of earthly love, such as we bore thee here,
Merged in the stronger, deeper love of angels?
  Here, though beloved, thy spirit turned away,
And sought a land where Sorrow enters not,
But where the soul that is athirst, may drink,
And live forever. Thine, beloved one,
Was not a mind of ordinary stamp,
But fashioned in a mould of higher cast
Than common mortals, and thy earnest eye
Looked out from thy high soul as though 't would pierce
The heaven above thee. That eye was closed awhile,
Though we who watched thee, scarcely deemed thee dead,

But now it looks on God. Oh, happy one!
So soon released from all the wearing toils,
The wasting griefs, the anxious fears of Life,
So soon to tread the heavenly streets above,
And listen evermore to angel tones.
Let us be still, amid our deepest grief,
For thou art safe and happy. Never more
Shall sorrow cloud thine eye. Never again
Thy heart shall swell at falsehood or at wrong.
The world may never know how true a soul
Hath gone from its cold shelter — only *one*
One broken spirit feels that all thy worth
Is known and loved in Heaven!

LINES

TO THE FIGURE, ON AN ANTIQUE GEM, OF A WOMAN BURNING INCENSE AT THE ALTAR OF LOVE.

Aye! scatter roses there,
And feed the flame with odors sweet,
The loveliest things on earth that are,
Are offerings meet.

Thou of the laughing brow,
And blushing cheek, and waving hair,
And glowing lip, that offers now
Thy pure vows there.

The time will come when all
That blesses or endears thy human lot,
Shall, like spring blossoms, round thee fall,
By all forgot!

The wreath thy hands have wove,
That should have graced thy bridal bower,
Strewn on the altar stone of Love,
In this bright hour;

All — all shall fade away,
And the pure light of that love-lighted eye,
Though the sweet memory of its kindling ray
Shall never die.

And this is WOMAN'S part,
To pour her incense o'er Love's glowing shrine,
Wearing one silent image in her heart —
This lot is thine.

Dreaming of happier days,
And thinking it such sweet reality,
But while she bends on life her hopeful gaze,
The visions fly.

Flinging sweet odors there,
And lighting up the half-decaying fires,
And fondly, hopefully, still lingering where
The last faint beam expires.

Bearing upon her brow,
The restless anguish of a troubled heart,
Struggling to hide the tears that still will flow —
This — this is woman's part!

ABBOTSFORD.

There's gloom upon thy darkened walls, home of the Gifted One,
Upon thy towers the raven sits, in silence and alone;
The roses in thy sunlit bowers are fading fast away,
And the woodbine round thy casements flung, is withering in decay.

Darkness is there, and gloom, deep gloom is spread o'er all around,
And the very birds seem warbling forth with hushed and mournful sound,
As if they felt that all of Life had passed away with Him
Who woke sweet echoes in that Home, now desolate and dim.

No more — no more within that home is heard
the sound of mirth,
No more the cheerful song goes round by that
deserted hearth,
No sound is there of playful words, or wisdom's
richest lore,
And the stirring tales recited there, shall charm
the ear no more.

Yet to Imagination still, there comes a shadowy
band,
With bended heads before thy walls, the phantom
figures stand,
The shades of buried heroes who their deep,
mute homage pay
To the home of him who sung their deeds in
many a chosen lay.

And Woman's soft, low wail is heard, scarce
waking echo round,
As it comes upon the dreamer's ear with a soft
and soothing sound,
And the hushed breezes murmur not amid the
stirless trees,
And seems to listen while it speaks, in thrilling
words like these —

"Awake! awake, thou fearless bard, once more
we fain would hear
The lyre which breathed of other days, and
chained the listening ear;
Sing, sing again of battle fields, of king and armed
knight,
And let the strains resound once more to charms
of ladies bright.

Sing — for with thee the power to wake the
slumberers is gone,
No other call can bring them back to earth, save
thine alone,
Thine is alone the magic spell that works beneath
the tomb,
And shadows forth the glorious Dead, upspringing
from the gloom."

Alas, for the wild old tales he loved to bring from
ancient lore,
They are lost — and the shadowy phantoms stand
before our sight no more —
They are melting in the mists away — they are
dim — they are fading — gone,
And we stand beneath the lonely towers in sadness
and alone!

"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!"

WRITTEN IN AN ANCIENT BURIAL PLACE.

Not when the silent dust
Shall rest, in solemn trust,
Beneath the careless sound of mortal tread,
Not then forgotten be
All that would speak of me,
But green and fresh be memories of the Dead!

And it were sweet to me,
Thus to remembered be
By those I loved in childhood's earlier scene,
And dearer still to know
That o'er my grave would flow
Sweet tears from eyes beloved, to keep it green.

And if a single thought
Of mine hath ever taught
Patience or quiet, mid Earth's troubled scene,
If to one stricken heart,
My song could peace impart,
Lord, keep my memory forever green!

LINES.

Mourn not for her — she hath gone in the morning
Of life with the angels of Heaven to dwell;
Whose beauty and wisdom the spirit adorning,
Are purer, and brighter than accents can tell.

Hast thou departed with thine earnest eye,
Oh, thou of many gifts! has the sweet flow
Of the young life which promised many days,
Thus early lost its course! How could we dream
That one who gave to earth a brighter hue,
And breathed o'er common things a sweeter tone,
Should thus bow down the youthful head, and *die!*
Thou loved of many hearts! thus to leave all
The bright, rich dreams by which thy soul was led,
And pass to the deep slumbering of that land, —
The spirit land, the land of dreams! For *this*
The human heart loves, watches, trembles, prays
Above the couch of infancy, and throws
Its deep, wild, passionate idolatry

On that which one short hour, perhaps may change
To dust. For this the mother's watchful eye
Looks through long years of anxious hope, and
marks
Each beauty stealing o'er her child's young frame;
Watches each ray of intellect that beams
From the unsullied depths of its pure mind,
And wakes in the calm watches of the night,
To weep and pray, while every hour still bears
On its swift wing some new-born hope to cheer
A mother's fervent love. She dimly sees
Beyond the present hour. The cheek may fade,
The eye grow dim, the lip may lose its glow,
But the fond mother hopes against all hope,
And shrinks not till the fatal truth is seen
In the closed eye-lid. Oh, for human love
To look upon its idols *thus* — to mark
The once bright flashing eye thus dimmed, the
heart
Forever still and pulseless, and to feel
That though through fiery trials we shall go
To them, they ne'er again can come to us!

Death! it is awful, even when the *old*
Are called by its stern ministry, from earth:
And they who once have shed their bitter tears
Above an infant's pure unsullied clay,

May feel their hopes are scattered like the seeds
By the wild storm-winds sown, only to bloom
In a far distant sphere. But they who wept
Above *thy* grave, young star-eyed one! may well
Marvel that thou shouldst thus be snatched away,
From the green earth, and the bright, laughing sky,
And the clear music of the silver streams
Thy young heart loved so well.

Thine was indeed
No common mind, and every thing which spoke
The voice of Nature breathed into thy soul
A language deep and eloquent. But hush
These vain repinings. Thou hast found the spring
Where living waters flow, and where the pure
And holy find a bright, eternal home.
Even around the throne of Love, thy God
Hath "purified thy spirit's eager thirst,"
And won thee to Himself!

TO THE MEMORY OF W.

I stand beside the foaming shore,
Where once so oft in youth I stood,
I hear the restless waters roar,
The awful music of the flood;
Sad thoughts come o'er me — and I think
On by-past hours of mirth and glee,
When I have trod their mighty brink
With thee, departed friend! with thee.

And thou hast passed the peaceful shore
Beyond the reach of toil or pain,
And I, in sadness must deplore,
That here we cannot meet again;
We parted, as friends ever part,
With kindly look and troubled eye,
Oh! who that knew thy gentle heart,
Could part from thee without a sigh!

But little deemed we then, that ere
My footstep there again should roam,
Thine should be hushed within the drear
And silent limits of the tomb!
That o'er thy dying pillow, far
By distant Afric's burning wave,
No friend should watch thy slumbers there,
Or weep above thy lonely grave.

Dim tears are in mine eyes—my heart
Is with thee on that lonely shore,
I watch thy flitting breath depart,
I feel thou art on earth no more;—
But shrined within my inmost soul,
Shall be mid thoughts most dear to me,
Till Life's dark billows cease to roll,
Sweet memories, lost friend! of thee.

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE "YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE."

There is a sadness in the mournful tone
That breathes FAREWELL!—a sadness all its own.
A solemn cadence in that little word,
By which our very heart of hearts is stirred.
As when we linger round some chosen spot,
By Memory cherished, dear and unforgot,
Each tree, each flower, each moss-grown seat will rise
In bright array before our raptured eyes.
Green in remembrance still that spot appears,
The loveliest dream that decked our by-past years;
And the unconscious tear will dim the eye,
As, pausing o'er the waste of Memory,
We call to mind an hour remembered well,
The hour we bade that cherished spot farewell!

So we, however dark our paths may be,
Howe'er our barks may sail on life's rude sea,
Whate'er befals us in our onward way,
May pause to gather records from this day.
Yet, ere the parting word is kindly said,
Ere the brief hour in which we meet, hath fled,
Let us each well remembered scene retrace,
Scenes, which no after years can e'er efface;—
Here we have met — the heart its altar rears
Above the grave of our departed years,
And to our souls the Past a sweetness brings,
Like some rich music from an angel's strings;—
The dying fall, the touching melody,
That wakes a seraph's harp to ecstacy,
Or, floating by us in our hours of rest,
Like some sweet breeze from Araby, the Blest!
And ere we meet again, what change may come!
One haply may forsake his native home,
Impelled by something—*what*, he cannot tell—
Most like the sin by which the angels fell,
Ambition fills perhaps, his restless mind,
And Home's sweet comforts all are left behind;
And some will cross the ocean, and again
Entrust their all upon the trackless main.
And the cold grave will cover some fair brow
That beams in innocence and beauty now.
But there are sunny spots — and there may come

To each and all, when wandering thus from home,
Some ray to light us on from Joy's bright page,
Some flowers to cheer our dreary pilgrimage,
Unlike the faded ones in Pleasure's hall,
Which Time's cold hand hath touched and withered all,
Unlike the scattered roses, clinging round
By some old ruin, crumbling to the ground,
But fresh, undarkened by one stain of grief,
The brightest spots on Memory's ample leaf,
Kept sacred in the full heart's deepest core,
Unsoiled and fragrant, as they bloomed before.
The home is where the heart is — and the heart
Is of that home its best and dearest part;
We may not bear to lands untrod before,
Love deep as that we bear our native shore,
But the fond heart another home may win,
Where Peace and Love sit smilingly within; —
Even in the forests of the far off West,
Some dreamy wanderer may yet be blest,
And feel that mid those forests, dark and lone,
There is one heart that beats for him alone,
One spirit which hath whispered happiness,
One mind which, in a desert, still could bless —
The beaming smiles on beauteous lips that come,

The soft, low voice that breathes his welcome
home.
All these may bless his weary lot — and more,
In Life's dim evening "hanging fondly o'er
The pale blanched rose," his heart had loved so
well —
What words are strong, the Exile's bliss to tell!
But the sad moment comes — Friends, Breth-
ren, all
Who oft have met together in this hall,
We part — we part! — is there no fond regret,
No memory of the hours in which we met?
No feeling that would bid our footsteps stay?
No kind "God bless ye" on our onward way,
No thrilling word to bind us in its spell? —
There is — it breathes and speaks in this —
FAREWELL!

ADDRESS

BEFORE A LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

old, when Plato taught a willing band,
:he deep groves of his own classic land,
ıile the long lines of palm and olive trees,
ıt to the freshness of the morning breeze,
silver streams rushed in cool murmurs by,
lecting on their waves the evening sky,
en might a youthful train be often seen
ing their banks of bright luxuriant green,
ile the revered sage in accents low,
by and taught them all they sought to know;
ok his white locks to hear the skeptic's doubt,
l smiled in pity, though he heard him out;
.t his meek head towards the modest youth,
o held his master's precepts dear to Truth;
ile all he taught — deride it he who can,
s true to Nature, Reason and to Man!

Ours is a nobler task — what though our trees
Are far too rudely kissed by chilling breeze,
Though the damp winds and wintry storms may
stay,
Driving each hope of sunny clime away,
Though the frail blossoms of the sunny South,
Might perish near our oaks of loftiest growth,
Yet we can rear the Temple and the Dome,
And give to Intellect and Truth a home,
And though no glowing sky may shine above,
Dear is the roof that echoes "God is Love!"
And the close wall that bars us from the air,
Is dear indeed, for He is with us there;
Dearer than where the sage of Athens trod —
He bowed to Nature — *we* to Nature's God!

Nor to the halls of Science may we turn
To mark alone the flame of Knowledge burn; —
Not to the high-built domes where classic lore
Is to the youth, a fountain sealed no more,
Not to the halls where legislative zeal,
In tones of Eloquence, may on us steal,
Not these betoken *all* a nation's fame,
And stamp true wisdom on her future name.

No! turn we to each lone hamlet, wild and rude,
Half hidden by some deep, embowering wood,

And sheltered safe beneath the clustering trees,
Alike from summer sun and wintry breeze,
The School house shows its modest head between,
While, thronging the wild meadow pathways green,
The rustic group, a happy, blooming band,
The hope — the promise of our favored land,
Are seen — while from instruction given here,
Full many a Statesman dates his high career.
Mark the quick glance of one deep, flashing eye,
As that young band with mirthful shouts, go by;
One youthful aspirant for fame is there,
Despite the poverty his garments wear;
He, through the night, his studious vigils keeps,
In hours when all of wearied nature sleeps;
There, o'er the midnight lamp, in that lone room,
Where Poverty hath spread her wings of gloom,
He cons the dim lit page with kindling eye,
While high-wrought images come crowding by,
Imagination painting scenes more bright,
Than ever shone upon his eager sight.
Change but the scene — a few brief years perhaps
Have won their way along in silent lapse,
And that lone room with its low mouldering walls,
Gives place to high built towers and noble halls;
There, with the mighty of his native land,
Behold that boy, in ripened manhood stand;
There, on his lip, Persuasion holds her throne,

And Eloquence is heard in every tone;
While listening thousands hold their breath to hear,
As falls that lip's deep music on the ear.

And who, when waning years have brought their load,
Hath not one moment paused on life's dull road,
To trace those moments of remembered joy,
When earth shone bright to him, a careless boy!
Who doth not linger round the well known place,
Though Time hath spoiled it of its native grace?—
The tree which oft he climbed in careless mirth,
The pond where freshest lilies had their birth,
The well whose mossy bucket met his lip
In the cool freshness of a noon-day sip,
The bench, more frail memorial, half effaced
The letters which its broken surface graced,
The master's rod suspended as of yore,
The ill-swept gravel plot before the door,
The soil'd and ragged book, with dog leaves turn'd,
And the thumbed pages, once so sadly mourned,
Whence murmured he "*amo, amas, amat,*"
Even the peg on which he hung his hat—
The simplest object claims his memory,
And brings him back the boy he used to be.

So we, when distant years have gone their round,
If still we linger on their narrow bound,

In passing here, may stop to muse awhile
On all that now we greet with kindest smile.
Here — where a Thorndike has unrolled the page
Which stamped him nature's wise and learn'd sage,
That sage's voice was long since hushed in death,
Yet memory died not with that fleeting breath.
Here, where the classic Everetts have poured
The treasures which their giant minds had stored,
And Thatcher — now beyond Death's rolling sea,
Once wittily described the "Yankee Tea," —
Where eager crowds have paused to gather all
The eloquence that fell from Saltonstall;
And Smith has talked of all and every thing,
From men and mammoths to the wild bee's sting;
And Thompson proved the stomach of a man,
A stomach *only* — not a stewing pan! —
While last, not least, we fondly pause to note
The fame that circles round the name of Choate!
Be this the scene where vice may never come,
The scene where only virtue finds a home,
Here may Taste, Science, Intellect impart
Their hallowed influence to every heart.
Here may the "mighty majesty of mind"
Be with true purity of speech combined;
And be the echoes of these walls ne'er broken
By words which *dying*, we could wish unspoken!

THE WOMEN OF THE SCRIPTURES.

EVE.

Thrice, and thrice only, mother of all living!
  The Sacred Book records thy spoken word—
Once to repeat the law thy God had given,
  And once, when, through the Tempter, thou hadst erred.
Oh! soft and touching was that sentence spoken,
  That breathed in melody the high command;
The next was wrung from thee, when, spirit-broken,
  Thou trembledst 'neath the Great Avenger's hand.
And once again, when thou, poor stricken Mother!
  Wept o'er thy youngest-born the bitter stream,
When one dark thought o'erpowered every other,
  And dimmed the beauty of thy life's young dream.

Shall it be thine forever thus, oh, Woman!
  To feel so truly what is right and pure,
Yet, sinking from the angel to the human,
  Earn the sad right to suffer and endure?
Oh, by her agony who thus was banished
  From the blest Paradise she loved so well,
Pause, ere thy last dear hope of heaven hath vanished,
  Lest thou obey the voice by which she fell.

SARAI.

Fair was thy form, sweet lady, princess, queen, —
  Never before so beautiful a vision
Moved o'er the new born earth's fresh springing green,
  Or burst upon the eye in dreams elysian.

Blest in all things save one: thy ardent heart
  Was sad with earnest longings for that other,
And joyfully from all the rest would part,
  If but one being might have hailed thee, MOTHER!

And thine that blessed lot was still to be; —
  After long years of sad and wild repining,
One flower owed its beauty unto thee —
  One star within thy home was sweetly shining.

And thou didst pass away — but ne'er on earth,
Was wife or mother mourned with sadder weeping,
And graceful trees and flowers had sweet birth,
In that lone field, where they had left thee sleeping.

Mother of Princes! in thy beauty laid!
Sleep thy last sleep, by mortal care unshaken,
In lone Machpelah's calm and peaceful shade,
Till the last trump the nations round thee waken!

HAGAR.

Sorrow is on thee now,
Thou of the olive brow
And dark Egyptian cheek, all wet with tears!
Deep misery and shame
Have gloomed upon thy name,
And sin hath wrought on thee the work of years.

So hath it ever been
Upon this earth's dark scene;
Woman hath fled in shame from every eye,
While the proud tempter, man,
Who works the ruin, can
Win from the world a deeper sympathy.

Thou who wert left to roam
Afar from friends and home,
With none beside thee, save thy injured child,
Did not thy soul give way,
On that most dreadful day,
To the loud storm that beat above thee wild?

Yet when, bowed down at last,
The helpless child was cast
Beneath the shrubs that grew in that deep wood,
In that lone wilderness
Thy weary heart could bless
The depth and silence of that solitude.

God called thee unto Him,
In that old wild wood dim,
And thy dark spirit trembled at His power;
Yet the sweet voice that came,
Breathing thy sin-stained name,
Cooled the hot fever of that awful hour.

Not did that fountain gush
With a more joyful rush,
Upon thy burning head, that throbbed with pain,
Than the sweet thought that thou,
Weary with sin, might bow
Before the Father's throne in prayer again.

Oh, in that desert wild,
The mother with her child,
Might well forget the darkness of her lot;
Though the cold world had cast
A blight upon the past,
God, the Eternal One, had scorned her not!

REBECCA.

The sun's last rays were gleaming low,
The West was all one burning glow,
Deep crimsoned clouds were floating bright,
And softly beamed the young moon's light;
The air was thick with golden wings
That summer evening ever brings,
And happy birds, within the nest,
Were sinking to their nightly rest.

Not far from Nahor's city gate,
A band of Eastern maidens wait.
A pitcher in each hand was borne,
And on each brow a jewel worn,
Betokened well their rank and place;
Yet deemed those damsels no disgrace
To seek the sweetest, coolest spring,
And from its fount the water bring.

And she, the peerless one, who now
Stoops o'er that fountain's graceful flow,
Is lovelier than all the train
That seeks the well's cool brink again.

* * * * * * *

The pledge is given — the vow is spoken,
The costly gems have made their token;
And with a brief yet warm farewell,
To that dear home she loves so well,
The maiden leaves the sunny spot
Where grief and wo had entered not.
While, conscious of her guileless heart,
Her parents saw her now depart,
Without a wish to call her back,
Since God had marked her onward track.

* * * * * * *

Again the setting sun is bright
As on the last eventful night,
And by the greenwood's quiet shade
A manly form at rest is laid;
But, starting as the hoofs draw near,
His eye discerns, with vision clear,

The gray-haired servant by the side
Of her who comes to be his bride;
And, clasping to his faithful breast,
The bird who seeks with him her nest,
His mother's tent becomes her home,
Nor wishes she from thence to roam.

RACHEL.

Thy dream of happiness was bright and beautiful, yet brief;
There was no darkening blight upon thy life's unwithered leaf;
But when the tide of hope and love was highest in thy heart,
God called thee, in that blissful hour, from all on earth to part.

Beloved by him who served long years in joyful toil for thee,
If, but at some far distant time, his wife thou mightest be;
Beloved by all, yet breathing out thy last unconscious sigh
Afar from home, and writhing low in woman's agony.

Thy lips, in dying, found a voice to utter one soft
word,
Thy helpless babe's expressive name, "Benoni,"
faintly heard,
Then closed in death thy fading eye, thy meek
hands crossed above
The heart that knew the deepest thrills of pure,
undying love.

There is a grave in Bethlehem's earth, which bears
a sunken stone,
And RACHEL'S name and age perhaps were once
inscribed thereon,
And haply, there, her gentle sons were wont at
eve to roam,
And mourn the star that thus died out from Israel's
ancient home.

HANNAH.

She prayed — in sadness long she wept,
For foes her grief had triumphed o'er,
And all the anguish that had slept,
Was rankling in her heart's deep core.

She prayed — that earnest prayer was heard,
And gladness sparkled in those eyes;
The pulses of that heart was stirred
With all a mother's ecstacies.

No selfish love was hers, who brought
Up to the temple, that fair child,
Scarce weaned, yet that fond mother sought
To keep her darling undefiled.

And her high soul had blest reward:
Her child of prayer — her prophet son —
Stood pure before the living Lord,
His holy and his chosen one.

NAOMI.

Sunset had lit the hills. The crimson clouds
Had spread their drapery o'er the sleeping waves.
And the rich glow of that declining light,
Gave to the waters its own radiant hues.
The sun was sinking low on Moab's city,
And the last gleam of his departing ray
Was burnishing its proud and lofty towers;
But there was one, amid that glorious scene,
Who felt how little could its loveliness
Suit with the lonely feelings of her heart;

Who felt that all its brilliance was, indeed,
But splendid mockery to a soul bereaved;
And, as the beauty of that quiet hour
Came on the widow in her solitude,
She turned to mark again the parting ray
Gleaming upon her husband's — children's graves.
She bowed herself in prayer, her heart beat low,
And tears came gushing as she tried to pour
Her voiceless supplication. Oh, what thoughts
Came thickly then upon her widowed heart!
He, for whose sake she left her native land,
Here slept in silence, and the grave had closed
Above the bright, glad beings who were sent
To cheer their exiled mother — whom, in pride,
She called "her beautiful, her brave."
Again
She bent her o'er the graves, and, as the wind
Dried the sad tears upon her faded cheek,
She breathed in agony her dirge-like song:

Oh! I have lost ye all, and I must weep
Above the forms which the cold earth hath taken,
Oh, could I sink into that silent sleep,
That sleep from which ye never can awaken,
How would I bless His hand, mid death's dark gloom,
That called me to the tomb!

How did my erring heart beat fondly, while
  I pressed to it, in youth, love's every token!
How did it thrill, my husband! when thy smile
  Came o'er the heart which now indeed is broken!
How could I think the hour was so near
    When thou shouldst slumber here!
And ye, the beauteous ones, whom, in my pride,
  I deemed were still to linger here beside me—
Ye, whom I thought could never leave my side,
  Though sorrow, care, or danger, should betide
      me,
How had I placed my sum of earthly joys
    In ye, my noble boys!

How have I gazed, for hours, upon the brow
  By those dark locks so beautifully shaded,
And looked with pride upon the deepening glow
  Lighting the cheek that now in death is faded;
How have I loved to mark that flashing eye,
    Now closed so fearfully!
And I have come to take my last farewell,
  And from this dim and silent spot to sever,
And wander from the home I loved so well,
  The home where voice beloved shall greet me
      never.
But these low-wasting sands will soon be run,
    My God! thy will be done!

She rose, nor heeded, as she sadly turned
To catch a parting glance of those proud towers,
The soft, low footstep that had gently come
While she was weeping; and she scarcely heard
The voice of her sweet daughter — she who once
Had wedded there, Naomi's beauteous son —
"My mother! let me guide thy feeble steps,
Even to thy distant country; let me be
Thy guide, thy staff, thy comforter through life,
The God thou worshipest shall be my God,
The people whom thou lovest shall be mine,
And where thou layest thy beloved head
There, too, shall mine repose."
The widowed one
Blessed her in the high name of Israel's God,
And bade her follow her. The sun went down
In all his glory, as they journeyed on
To that far land, which now must be to them
Their almost desolate home.

MARY.

Oh, blest above all women! only those
Who clasp the first-born to a longing breast,
Can shadow forth, though faintly, thoughts that rose
Within thee, when the Son was fondly press'd.

And only they who passionately weep
  And dread, when danger comes to the first-born,
Can still more faintly shadow forth thy deep,
  Unmingled anguish on *that* cruel morn.

And they alone, whose eyes have looked their last
  Upon a child beloved, can know how deep
The bitterness that o'er thy spirit passed,
  When bending low above his holy sleep.

And yet once more — Blest Mary! only they
  Whose look is *upward*, can thy thought declare,
When from the door the stone was rolled away,
  And He, thy worshiped, was no longer there.

Then to thy sacred and deep hearted love,
  A light from God's own Throne was kindly given,
Teaching thy spirit's eye to look above,
  Seeking the dear departed one in Heaven.

So to all weeping mothers, God hath shown
  A sacred hope like that He gave to thee,
Leading their hearts toward his holy Throne,
  And healing all their soul's deep agony.

VASHTI.

Shall not one memory to *thee* be given,
  Oh! fairest rose in Shushan's palace walls,
Thou who from home and throne wert rudely driven,
When thy strong will appalled the coward *Seven*
  Who dealt thy sentence in their drunken halls?

What hadst thou done, that sentence thus to merit?
  Refused to heed a royal drunkard's will!
Refused with all a woman's noble spirit —
Whisper it not, lest other wives should hear it,
  And other "sovereigns" be disputed still!

Were they not brave, and high, and manly-hearted,
  Who feared thine act so dignified and pure?
Deeming their kingly sway had else departed,
They cast thee out thus lonely and deserted,
  The world's uncertain mercy to endure.

But the just pride that nobly thus upheld thee,
  Would bear thee bravely in thy onward path;
And the same queen-like spirit that impelled thee,
To burst the tyrant's chain that would have held thee,
  Would keep thee calm beneath the scorner's wrath.

Not for the sceptre wert thou then contending,
  Not for a single moment didst thou claim
Aught but the dignity of woman, blending
With the calm duty of the wife, and lending
  A double charm to linger round thy name.

THE SUNLIGHT OF THE SOUL.

The sunlight of the soul! no more forever,
  Until it reach me on the heavenly shore,
Burdened with grief, and deeply sighing ever,
  I tread the paths sunlighted now no more.
The sunlight of the soul! — oh, sorrow darkened
  The only ray that came upon my path,
Yet still I lingered sadly — still I hearkened
  To that deep voice that spoke to me in wrath.
I listened, so that I might solace gather —
  Alas! I heard but that drear sound of wo, —
How *can* I say "Thy will be done, Oh Father,
  Even as in Heaven, be it done below!"

For if I could awhile but have the power
  To call departed spirits earthward back,
Revisiting this silent midnight hour,
  My heart would win them from their upward track.
Yes — mortal love, imperfect, dark and blinded,
  With selfish haste would still recal the past,
Till, by repeated griefs, we are reminded
  To bow submissively to God at last.
Not unto thee, oh, weak and erring mortal!
  Is given that fearful power to draw them here.
Thy love, though deep, unlocks not Death's dark portal,
  To bring thy loved ones from a brighter sphere.
But to the earnest soul there comes a greeting
  From that dark portal, holy and sublime,
That tells in trumpet tones of joyful meeting
  With those beloved ones in a happier clime.
Bravely to bear — to check the heart's fond grieving,
  Up from the spirit, sending earnest prayer; —
So shall the mourning soul go forth, believing
  Each burden precious it is made to bear.
Oh, Love and Faith! how beautifully blended,
  Ye come before the weary mourner's eye, —
On this worn spirit fall, Oh, Heaven descended!
  And smooth its passage to Eternity.

I KNOW THIS FRAGRANT FLOWER SCENT.

I know this fragrant flower scent — it was given
By one beloved, oh, many years gone by,
By one whose home has long since been in Heaven,
But whose dear memory can never die.
Long, long ago — but dearly cherished ever,
And on this evening, thinking of those years,
Of Love and Hope, now buried deep forever,
It wakes a fount long sealed — the fount of tears.
Weeks came and went — I knew thou wert not living,
Yet ever by my side thy form was seen,
And thy clear eye, so mild and so forgiving,
Beamed on me still with placid glance serene.
By the green banks that slope to Death's dark river,
Where last we parted with a death like pain,
How have I prayed to Him, of life the Giver,
To take the worthless gift to Him again!

I could not bear the pitying glance that told me
That years on years might fade and waste away,
Ere I, in Heaven, could once again behold thee—
That here, for seeming *ages* I must stay;—
But still thou movest by my side, and often
The scent of this green plant will bring again
The only thought that could my spirit soften,
The only thought that soothes my life's long pain.
'T is this—that once thy ardent heart was given
In its unshackled freedom unto me,
That thy young spirit, fresh as when from Heaven,
Mingled with mine on Love's own altar free;—
It is enough that thou hast loved sincerely,
I ask no more from Fate, since thou art gone,
I will pass on my rocky pathway cheerly,
Since those sweet words have from thy lips found tone.
And though I know that now no more forever
Our living footsteps may together glide,
Yet from the starry heavens above, that ever
Thy spirit comes to linger by my side—
Oh, by that sacred love-chain, still unbroken,
That hath survived, unburied with thy dust,
ANGEL! BELOVED! SPIRIT! give some token
That still thou keepest that most solemn trust!

THE TRUE HOPE.

"Every one sees something beautiful out of his reach, which he tries to get hold of, and can never touch, and he calls it happiness. It is the rainbow that our childish imagination saw in the sky, which our childish hearts still reach after, and strive to grasp, in vain!"

In vain! alas, how oft the shadows come
Over our sunny sky;
How often does the sunlight melt in gloom,
And fading, die!
How do we stand like children on the sands,
Stretching with eager hope, the playful hands
To catch the wave;
Then as they break upon the foamy shore,
We hear, with sickened hearts, the ceaseless roar
Of that vast grave.

For human love, how yearningly we long,
To cheer our way,
We deem it pure and holy, deep and strong,
But, oh! Decay
Lights on the cherished blossom, and our hearts
Weep tears of blood as each bright dream departs;
Vain dreams! how frail
The happiness that leans on broken reeds;
Frail, and more worthless than the cast-off weeds,
Scentless and pale.

Through the bright Heaven's unclosing portal send
Thy eager sight;
The Father, in his pitying love, will bend
In radiant light;
Though the dark paths of earth may be thy lot,
He, the All-Glorious, will forget thee not
In cloudiest day,
Hopeful to Him thy wearied spirit bring,
Still "onward, upward, homeward, *God-ward*, spring,
Christ leads the way."

EARTH'S SUFFERERS.

Thou who hast wandered on, with spirit breaking,
  Beneath the load which Grief and Error bring,
Thou whose frail hope each lightest breath is shaking,
  Thou to whom Memory brings her deepest sting, —
Look not below for aught to soothe thy weeping,
  Lift up thy spirit to His loving eye
Who hath thee, lonely sufferer! in His keeping,
  And knoweth all thy life's sad mystery.
The voice of nature bringeth thee no cheering,
  The lights which sparkled round thee are gone out,
And one by one, thy bright stars, disappearing,
  Leave thy sad heart in mingled gloom and doubt.
Look upward, joyless wanderer! not forever
  The cold, grey stream of human suffering rolls;
Trust in His pardoning mercy still, for never
  Did God refuse the cry of wounded souls.

Lo! on the dark horizon now before thee,
  A radiant light streams onward to thy feet;
Let but its beaming shine a moment o'er thee,
  Let but its rays thy darkened senses greet.
What though this earth where thou hast sinned, grows lonely,
  What though thy suffering footsteps may be traced
Through the deep forests, in dim pathways only,
  Still is thy spirit by His arm embraced.
Guided henceforth by his unerring finger,
  That points new pathways for thy weary feet;
Clasped by His hand, no more thy steps shall linger
  In the dim haunts where Sin and Passion meet.
Thou who hast borne the cross of human trouble,
  Look on that Cross which bringeth life to thee;
Oh, for each hour of shame "thou shalt have double,"
  And sin and suffering shall before thee flee.
Oh, by each pang of agony unspoken,
  Lift up thy chastened spirit — kiss the rod;
Come to His footstool, fearless, though heart-broken,
  And bind thyself in new-born strength to God!

THE LILY'S QUEST.

The following is merely a versification of the beautiful apologue which has been so sweetly given in prose, by the author of "Twice Told Tales."

There were two gentle beings, who had twined
Their hearts together in the bands of love,
And as the time approached in which those bands
Were to be sanctified by wedded vows,
They planned a temple, which should stand amidst
The old ancestral trees which grew around
The youth's paternal home. This was the place
Where they might sit the live long summer day
Weaving bright dreams of future happiness;
Here would they meet the loved and cherished ones,
The friends of early youth. Here would they sing,
And here the maid would tune the light guitar,
Or read the passionate tales of other lands.
It was a lovely eve in which they strayed

Through the long avenue of drooping elms,
To seek a spot whereon their shrine might rise;
But as they passed beneath the spreading trees,
Close to their footsteps came a shadowy form,
Clad in the sombre garb that mourners wear,
And with a smile on the unearthly face,
That told of strange, unquiet thoughts within.
His presence brought a chill upon their joy,
But still their hearts were all too kind, to bid
That dreamer take another path.
His life
Had been one scene of gloom, and the strong mind
Had sunk beneath the weight of earthly woes;
And now a maniac, old Walter Gascoigne
Had linked himself and his dark, shadowy fate,
With the bright fortunes of this gentle pair,
And followed all their steps. Oh! Hope and Joy,
How often sorrow thus hath followed ye!
They reached a lovely spot — and here the maid,
The gentle Lilias paused and looked around.
Here was the shelter of a rising hill,
And there a silver lake in distance gleamed;
There rose an old church tower — and here again
Sweet, sheltered pathways leading to their home.
"What lovelier spot than this can meet our gaze?
Oh! dearest, let us build our temple here."

"Not here—not *here*," their sad companion cried,
And then he told a dreary, dismal tale
Of woes that had been known upon that spot;
Of a lone dwelling that had once stood here,
And of a strange, mysterious fate that held
Its inmates all in bondage. So they passed
With a long shudder, from that lovely place,
And sought another—and many spots as fair
Rose in their pathway; but when'er they paused,
Feeling their object must at last be gained,
The sad sepulchral voice of that old man
Came like a warning from the dreamy tomb,
And still it said in accents wild, "*not here.*"—
One spot, he told them, was the guilty scene
Of a dark murder. Here, a mother's heart
Had broken, while she knelt before the child
Who cast her from him. Here, a desolate one
Had prayed to evil Spirits, and became
As one of them, a fiend upon the earth.
Here had a new-born infant once been found
With the fresh impress of a guilty hand
Upon its innocent throat;—and near that oak,
The lightning's flash had struck two lovers dead.
So a sad tale seemed blent with every place
The lovers fancied, till they came, at last,
To a calm spot amid a group of trees,
And while they both exclaimed as with one voice,

"This is the place—we build our temple here!"
They looked with awe upon that stricken face
To see if even here there were no guilt,
No tale of wo or shame that might prevent,
But the face "gave no sign," and so, ere long,
The Temple grew within that shaded nook,
Its graceful columns and its vaulted dome
Rising beneath those old ancestral trees;
And the fair maiden and the stern old man,
Each watched its growth alike with eager eyes.
But now the fair girl drooped—and her pale cheek
Looked so like that frail flower whose sweet, pure name
Resembled hers, that her fond lover caught
A poet's inspiration from her looks,
And fondly called her "Lily."—Day by day
The lily faded, and the very morn
On which they meant to dedicate their shrine,
She was found dead within its marble walls!
And this fair temple, where so many hopes
Had clustered round, was now to be a tomb;
For the sad lover, in his passionate grief
Had willed it so to be. And lo! beneath
Its floor, was found an ancient sepulchre
Forgotten years ago. The gentle Lily
Was hither brought, and as the funeral group
Had gathered round, there came that wild old man,

And to the mourning youth, his lips gave forth
A bitter taunt that he could find no place
To rear his shrine of Joy, but on a *grave!*
But as he spake, a cheering vision came
Into the heart of the bereaved, and then
A sunny gleam of Hope and Joy around.
Here was the mystery of Life and Death
Opened at once to mortal sight, and now,
Through the dark shadows of the grave, he saw
A glimpse of Heaven. The mystery was gone.
The lover gazed upon the glowing beam
Of sunshine that illumed that dreary vault,
"Joy, joy!" he cried, "eternal joy for us!
Though our loved Temple stand upon the tomb,
Eternal happiness is ours beyond
This earthly sphere." He turned again to mark
The old man's look, as thus the sign he read,
But he had vanished.
Here he might not stay,
Since the dark riddle which he came to bear
To poor Humanity was brightly solved.

LINES.

——— "In the days
Of reckless infancy, we played together,
Our sport, our smiles, our tears, were mingled oft,
Years saw us together — happy heart-felt hours!"

You remember the brook by whose murmuring flow,
We were lulled to our slumbers in days long ago,
Where the willows kissed lovingly over the stream,
And the moon, quite as lovingly, shed her soft beam.

You remember the fruit which we gathered at morn,
When the dew-drops were gemming the fragrant white thorn,
And the violet's breath came in, rich with perfume,
And mingled with roses that grew in our room.

You remember the grandmother, on whose pale brow
The winter of age had besprinkled its snow,
Who sat in the corner, with knitting in hand,
And ruled our gay sports with her gentle command.

You remember the happy young brothers so gay,
Who with frolic and mirth cheered us through the long day,
Who laughed at our womanly airs at sixteen,
When no longer we joined them at play on the green.

You remember the hill where the violets grew,
And the mouldering old graveyard — you remember it too,
Where we spelt out the names on each moss-covered stone,
And wept o'er the graves of the dead we had known.

You remember what castles we built in the air,
How life was forever to flow on so fair,
And our pathway was still to be covered with flowers,
And the future seemed bright as the morn's freshest hours.

That Future! how chequered by Gloom and by Joy!
Yet those memories it ever has failed to destroy,
And the undying love of our childhood would seem
The one unquenched light on our life's troubled stream.

LINES.

Oh! envy not the poet's gift — a mournful gift indeed!
Few are the fleeting joys it brings, and slender is its meed;
Bright are the dreamy hues that float before the poet's eye.
But a moment scarcely passes o'er, ere the fading colors die.
And rich indeed are the fairy dreams which fancy vainly weaves.
By the side of many a silver stream, beneath the rustling leaves; —
And sweet, as the glancing sunlight plays, within some sheltered spot,
Are the holy thoughts that gently come to cheer the poet's lot.
Yet what avails to wear the soul in wasting dreams away,
And know that all of loveliness so early must decay?

To watch the meteor's splendid light, and catch
its fleeting gleam,
And know that life must be, to us, a shadow and
a dream?
To listen to the fairy sounds which breathe from
all around,
The birds of heaven, the rushing streams, the
ocean's mournful sound,
The wild wind's murmur as it floats in fitful
echoes by, —
Then start to think how soon, to us, those dreamy
murmurs die.
And mid the thronging, busy world — place not
the Poet there,
Too wild the thoughts within that brain, for joy
and mirth to share, —
Therefore the dangerous gift may well be shunn'd,
but never sought,
Remember that its transient power is all too
dearly bought.
Ask for the calm and quiet bliss which colder
hearts may feel, —
Hearts, o'er whose pulse no quickened throb of
joy or grief may steal —
And know that thus alone, thy way through life
may ever be
Free from the haunting dreams, that mark that gift
so mournfully.

COPERNICUS.

The long Italian summer day
  Had reached its evening hour,
The setting sunbeam rested on
  A high, fantastic tower;
And threw a narrow ray of light
  Athwart the partial gloom,
Where lay a thin, and shadowy form
  Within a shaded room.

But on the pale and spiritual brow,
  There shone a brighter beam,
And from the sunk and hollow eye,
  There came a mystic gleam;
For thought, deep thought was working there
  Mid shadows dark and drear, —
Oh, Death! that suffering form is thine,
  Thy victory is near.

* * * * *

His sunken eye rests on the page,
  Where high-browed Wisdom set
Her glowing seal, to mark where she
  Had God-like genius met;
He clasps it to his withered lip,
  And to his aged breast —
"Oh, God!" he faintly murmurs, "now
  I am too deeply blest!

Too deeply blest! for worlds unborn
  Shall speak the lowly name
Of him who toiled in untried paths,
  For Truth, and not for Fame.
I go — but ere my latest sigh
  This weary breast shall swell,
Let me behold the blessed light
  Upon these pages dwell."

Then, as he turned to mark the light,
  His voice grew thick and low,
And the cold death-damps gathered on
  The sufferer's pallid brow.
"Farewell, farewell, ye burning stars,
  Your light to me is o'er,
But in a world more glorious still,
  Ye shine forever more.

To the dark blue streams that met my gaze
  In childhood's fairy day,
To the mountain paths remembered well,
  When my feet were far away;
To the forest tree and the gushing fount,
  And the quiet wild-wood dell,
And the song of wild birds floating free,
  I now must say farewell.

Thou softly beaming moon, and thou,
  The brilliant sun, farewell;
Farewell, dim earth, how hard to part,
  I have not voice to tell:"
Then, as the murmuring sounds had ceased,
  He drew a struggling breath,
And meekly bowed his aged head
  In the cold sleep of Death.

THE OLD TREES.

Spare them — oh, spare them: few and dim
  The traces of the ancient time,
The Indian's trees — they sheltered him
  When he was in his manhood's prime.
Oh, touch them not — his spirit's wail
  Is heard amid their rustling leaves;
And if a single branch should fail,
  The Indian's lofty spirit grieves.

Break not the wild and only spell
  That binds us to the shadowy past;
A moment let our fancies dwell
  On something not too frail to last;
Amid our "shingle homes" arise
  A few green trees of ancient birth,
That still look upward to the skies,
  While all around them stoops to earth.

The only records of the bands
  That planted their enduring roots —
The only labor of their hands,
  Which left to us its lasting fruits,
The only things which do not wear
  The stamp of newness on their brow,
The only links which bind the PAST
  In dear companionship with NOW.

LINES.

"When my country takes her stand among the nations of the earth, then AND NOT TILL THEN, let my epitaph be written."
ROBERT EMMET.

No, NEVER will the sacred words
  That speak of faith and valor gone,
Be written on the lowly tomb
  That holds that brave and stainless one —

NEVER will Erin's down trod sons
  Resume again their ancient sway,
The bold Milesian blood is spilt,
  Her warriors are but lifeless clay.

The starving hosts that throng the land,
  The starving babes — the famished men,
Are victims on the altar laid
  To grace the proud Victoria's reign.

Victims, unheedingly passed o'er,
  That Albert's kennels flourish fair,
That all his steeds in bright array
  Full fed, may scent the morning air.

What is it to the royal sense,
  If millions faint, and starving die,
It does but swell the glorious shout
  That greets the ear of Royalty!

What matter if the beauteous babe
  Die, starving on its mother's breast, —
A silver couch, with silken gear,
  Rocks all Victoria's babes to rest.

And if, for a brief time, starts up,
  The spirit Erin felt of yore,
Oppression coldly crowds it back,
  And lays it prostrate as before.

Erin! green land — the home of those
  Whose deep wrongs woke my pitying heart,
The grave of EMMET, and the shrine
  Of brave and noble ones thou art!

But thou hast bowed, supine, again —
  Oh, never more wilt thou be free.
Erin! thy wrongs are writ in heaven,
  But Freedom smiles no more for thee.

Dark, heavy chains are on thee now,
  The Lion Heart is vanquished too —
The fetters bind thee, fast and strong —
  Once more, unhappy land, adieu.

EVENING BY THE SEA-SHORE.

'T is eve — the last faint beam of day
  Hath fled the fading sky,
While soft the western breezes play,
And now the silver moon's pale ray
Rests on the ocean's trembling billow,
As though it were her native pillow,
  So calm she rides on high.
And, hark! what sounds float through the air,
Some mystic spirit sure is there,
  To wake that thrilling strain.
Is it but memory of notes,
That through the evening stillness floats,
And seems a holy calm to shed
Even when its whisperings are fled —
  Oh, breathe it once again!

And see, the pale moon's silvery light—
Alone it gems the brow of night,
The star of Eve has faded fast;
That beam—her loveliest and last,
  Is sunk beneath the West.
The moon with silver pomp on high,
Walks forth in brightness through the sky,
  The heavens are at rest.
Night hangs her jewelled canopy
In beauty over earth and sea;
Ocean gives back the sparkling light,
Answering that solemn radiance bright,
  With voices from its inmost breast.

TO FRANK.

THE STORM.

See, child, how fast the wintry snows
  Are filling all the air around,
How wild the gathering tempest blows
  The snow which hides the frozen ground.
On yonder leafless tree, the bird
  No longer chants his morning lay,
No blithesome warbler now is heard,
  To pour a merry roundelay.
In many a cot, by hill and stream,
  The poor and wretched sit alone,
They feel no bright and sunny gleam,
  They hear no sweet or gladsome tone.
But, you, dear child, though winter reign,
  Still find a warm and pleasant home,
You feel no poverty nor pain,
  Nor are you forced without to roam.
While yonder little trembling boy,
  All rags and dirt, is shivering there,
His little face betrays no joy,
  But all it speaks is Want and Care.

God made you both, my little son,
  And if on earth you differ here,
Yet, when your earthly course is run,
  He'll take you to the same bright sphere.
For in his eyes, you differ not,
  The Soul's deep light can ne'er grow dim,
And so, without a stain or blot,
  He 'll take that poor child home to Him.

THE SPRING RAIN.

Hark ! how the rain drops fall
  With such a soothing sound,
Their music seems to call
A gush of joy in all
  That lives and breathes around.

That little pattering sound,
  How sweet it seems to me,
Falling unto the ground
And making music round
  Like sweetest minstrelsy.

I hear a glad, sweet flow
  Of water in the spring,
The rain is on my brow,
I do not heed it now,
  For it talks like living thing.

And this is what it tells,
"Beloved little child,
Forever by the wells,
Where virtue only dwells,
Stand, ever undefiled."

Oh, let that earnest word
Which speaks unto thine heart,
Ne'er be by thee unheard,
Whether from rain or bird,
Love doth its truths impart.

THE RAINBOW.

Beloved, look, the rain is o'er,
The sun all-glorious shineth now,
A diamond drop on every flower,
A jewelled crown on every bough.
And see yon glorious arch which there,
Is spanning half the radiant sky,
And yet another scarce less fair
Appears unto thy wondering eye.
Oh could thy life, which almost seems
As brief as that of yonder bow,
Be but as perfect as its beams,
And thus as bright thy virtues glow,
So would thy parting light be given,
To Earth, yet beam again in Heaven.

EPITAPH.

If ever o'er this silent stone
  Some kind and pitying eye is cast,
Oh, let that eye one tear-drop own
  For one whose sufferings are past;
For one whose faults, however deep,
  Were mourned by many a secret tear,
Oh, let their fame forever sleep
  Even with the silent ashes here.

And if, amid those faults, there might
  A calmer, holier feeling come,
And mingle with the purer light,
  That kindled through the mental gloom,
Remember thou that virtuous beam,
  And let it in thy memory live,
While over Passion's doubtful gleam,
  Weep — hide the fault — and oh, forgive!

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember one fair eve, when brightly
  The summer sun-set on our path was shining,
And summer's fairest flowers and blossoms lightly,
  Around our feet in radiant wreaths were twining.
Do you remember when on ocean gazing,
  We sat us down beside the quiet sea,
And there, while far the Light House fire was
    blazing,
  You sang that melting chorus-song to me—
                Do you remember this?

Do you remember when the twilight, fading,
  Told us 't was time to tear our steps away,
How still we lingered, till the darkness shading,
  Scattered the last faint beam of parting day;
And as unwillingly our feet were turning,
  To leave, with lingering steps, so dear a spot,
We marked the evening star in beauty burning,
  And vowed that hour should never be forgot;
                Do you remember this?

Do you remember how we slowly wandered
  Along the path which led us from the sea,
And how, in silent mood we sadly pondered,
  And paused to hear its far-off melody —
And will you not remember, when the ocean
  Spreads its soft waves to meet the moonbeams
    bright,
Flowing along in gentle, quiet motion,
  Oh, will you not remember, then, that night?
    Will you remember this?

Will you remember, though no more sweet hours
  Should charm *my* footsteps to the deep blue sea,
Though my freed spirit dwell in fairer bowers,
  Where it may list to Heaven's own melody,
Will you not cherish then, one thought undying,
  Unchanged by aught on earth, oh, let it be,
Bidding thine own pure dreams still Heavenward
    flying,
  Will you not then, dear friend, remember me?
    Will you remember me?

CAMPASPE.

"Come hither, young artist! say, wilt thou try
To match with thine art yon radiant dye?
Canst thou pencil an eye of Heaven's own blue,
Canst thou paint a cheek with the sky's rich hue?
Canst thou look on a high and peerless brow,
And a lip's rich glow? — what sayest thou?"
"Monarch! the fairest of earth I have seen,
And shrank not when they before me have been;
I have stood before the brightest of earth,
And whose loveliness seemed as of heavenly birth;
And eyes, whose beauty was bathed in light,
Have flashed on me with their glances bright."
"True — but she whom thou hast not seen,
Is like naught which before on earth hath been,
Thy art hath periled no task like this,
To pencil, with truth, an angel of bliss, —
I warn thee, young artist! — still dost thou dare
The unwonted task? — then enter there!"
Onward, with hasty step, he went,
With thoughtful brow in abstraction bent,
Nor raised his dreamy glance till a sigh
Told him that some one of earth was nigh;

And then, to his wildered gaze, seemed given,
A sight that revealed less of earth than heaven!
And she, that bright, unearthly thing,
Was the chosen bride of that haughty king!
She whose young heart had built its throne
On him who now stood before her alone;
On him whose breathing canvas had been
The shrine where her soul had worshiped unseen.
And now they had met — how strangely met!
And were gazing in bliss, on each other yet —
They had met; and their souls were truly proving,
That each was purely and fondly loving —
Rank, pride, were forgot — and that cheek was bent,
Till their very souls seemed together blent.
"Thy task, young artist! say, is it done?"
"Monarch! her I have looked upon,
Whose beauty has maddened this heart and brain,
Oh! not for worlds would I gaze on again!
I love her, dread king! — I know my lot,
Let me die, and oh! be my fault forgot!"
"Mine, mine be the folly, and mine be the pain!
Rise! be thy fault not remembered again; —
Thou hast gained her heart, fair youth! it is thine!
And the bliss of *giving* alone is mine.
Take her! she loves thee, that beautiful one!
The king is vanquished, the subject has won!

ON THE DEATH OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Weep, Scotia, that thy brilliant light so soon
should fade away,
That thus thy gifted ones should sink, to silence
and decay;
Mourn, that another star is quenched, that shone
thy hills among,
That darkness now hath gathered o'er thy favored
child of song.

His was the bright, yet mournful gift, that poured
its lavish ray,
On all that came beneath his gaze, or in his
pathway lay,
The mournful gift! for all who bow before it,
know full well,
A fearful strife they hold with Death, who breathe
the charmed spell.

His were the dear, familiar tones, that tell the humble tales,
Of cottage homes and wild-wood haunts, in Scotland's quiet vales,
And stranger's eyes may mark, that in each cottage window lies,
Some well known tale or song of his — the Poet's witcheries.

Sleep, Shepherd Bard, by Yarrow's stream, where oft thy footsteps strayed,
Where, in thy long and deep repose, so early art thou laid : —
So early — for we ill could spare thy thrilling melodies,
And Scotland ill could bear the loss of one so good and wise.

But farewell now, thy simple strains shall all remembered be,
Where'er a cottage home looks forth in beauty o'er the lea,
And the sweet tones that graced thy song, from out those homes shall swell,
A higher, holier meed is thine — Bard, Shepherd, now farewell !

TO A FRIEND.

Thou 'rt twenty-two — thou 'rt twenty-two! how
fast the hours have fled,
Since childhood's frolic joys were thine, how
quickly time has sped;
The world has changed — and clouds have passed
above each cherished scene,
And five long years have glided on since thou
wert seventeen.

That happy age! when life is new, and joy is in
its spring,
Ere yet the heart has felt the pangs which after
years can bring, —
The age when Time goes smiling by, with
"diamonds" in his glass,
And not a cloud comes o'er to shade the moments
as they pass.

And yet thou wouldst not change the bliss that
comes around thee now,
For hours when all of joy and mirth were painted
on thy brow,
Thou wouldst not give the sunny smile on one
beloved face,
For all the empty flatteries which on heartless
lips had place.

And Time — if he has stole the rose, has brought
back the perfume,
More dear to hearts once touched by grief than
even its brightest bloom;
And wheresoever he has bent to snatch a wreath
of joy,
He leaves some memory still more sweet, which
nothing can destroy.

The heart — Time cannot chill the heart — the
thoughts that hover still
Like birds around their cherished haunts, his
power can never chill;
They linger still, and oft as when the youthful
heart beat light,
Some gleam of sparkling sunniness will flash
upon our sight.

What do they speak? those rays that come around
the quiet heart —.
They speak of joys that come to bless, then
suddenly depart;
They speak of friends whose kindliness was still
to be our guide,
But most of all they tell of love that only bloomed
and died.

They speak too of the quiet bliss which Heaven
may haply give,
To bless a heart which only seeks in purity to
live;
Of the calm sunshine which may come in after
years to thee,
Repaying all that thou hast known of pain and
agony.

HE HATH LEFT THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

He hath left the mountain stream,
  By his native vale that flows,
And led by the might of a golden dream,
To the land that with precious ore doth teem,
  Hopeful and bright he goes.

Over the wintry waves he sails,
  And his youthful heart beats high,
With hope that over the storm prevails,
As he eagerly lists to the wonderful tales
  Which the Gold King whispers nigh.

God speed the adventurous boy,
  By Sacramento's stream,
And safe return him in health and joy,
With the only pure gold that nought can destroy,
  Faith and Hope and Trust in Him!

GOOD-BYE TO THE YEAR.

Good-bye to the year that has vanished,
  Its storms and its sunshines are o'er,
Its memory perchance will be banished,
  Or cherished in gay hearts no more —
Its joys and its pleasures so fleeting,
  Its sorrows and joys too have fled,
And the smiles which its seasons were greeting,
  On its brother as kindly are shed.

Good-bye to the year! we are dreaming
  Of the future, and not of the past —
And while this is so glad in its seeming,
  Oh! who would remember the last?
There are glad forms still hovering round us,
  There are bright eyes to gladden our way,
There are friends who in kindness surround us,
  And joys that yet know not decay —

The Spring will still spread her bright flowers,
  The Summer as sweetly will bloom,
The Autumn still deck her gay bowers,
  With the amaranth blossom's perfume.
There is not a year that glides by us,
  But it adds to our joys as it flies,
And though sorrow may often come nigh us,
  Our smiles soon succeed to our sighs.

Good-bye to the year! we are meeting
  Another in sunshine and song,
Our pulses as quietly beating,
  The hopes in our bosoms as strong.
We may smile as on Life's bell we 're ringing,
  Each change as they rapidly chime,
And a wreath from each season we 're flinging,
  To garland the brow of old Time!

Good bye to the Year! ere the morrow,
  With its gloom or its sunshine have fled,
Our spirits, unshackled by sorrow,
  May have mixed with the glorious dead;
And in silence and darkness reposing,
  Forgotten — forgetting all here,
Life's last scene as quietly closing,
  May have bidden Good-bye to the Year!

1830.

TO HARRIET, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Fair girl! just stepping o'er the fairy ring,
  That separated thee from matron life,
Young Bride! just taking now the fearful spring,
  That ends in peace or more than mortal strife.

Thou hast looked well, I trust upon the way
  Wherein thy inexperienced feet must tread;
Life cannot be one long, sweet marriage day,
  And clouds will gather round thy youthful head.

Yet, if still loving and beloved thou art,
  Gentle, confiding, pure, forgiving, *true*,
Thou, in the depths of thy deep woman's heart,
  Wilt find thy peace and consolation too.

Cling to the arm that ever will protect;
  Crush each unkindly thought that upward springs
At fancied wrong or visionary neglect.
  Be strong, be patient, hope, *endure* all things.

Greet him you love with smiling face, at eve;
  His are the wearying cares that come by day,
But thou, with gentle love, a charm may weave
  To chase the storm-clouds from his path away.

Bid each intruder from thy home depart,
  That would recall thee from his faithful side,
Look on him kindly — *trust* the ardent heart,
  That singled thee from all the world beside.

No more in crowds will be thy chosen lot,
  But in the calm of soft retirement sweet,
Let thine own home be still the dearest spot,
  Sacred and pure be still its calm retreat.

He who can make the wilderness more fair,
  Who makes the desert blossom as the rose,
The father — He will bless the household where
  Love doth abide, and heaven-born kindness flows.

Be then each day still brighter than the last,
  Like Eastern story each bright hour that flies,
Till Death shall close the portals of the Past,
  And Heaven's all glorious light shall bless thine eyes.

LINES.

Thought after thought steals o'er the mind,
Of early hours passed with thee,
And mem'ries once to gloom consigned
Repeat their witchery! —
I come to this too silent spot,
To dream of pleasures unforgot,
When thou and I were free;
Ere Time had every hope o'ercast,
Or youth and health and joys had passed.

The moon is up — its beams are thrown
Upon the spot where first we met,
And I have come, once more alone,
Now "hope's last star" is set,
To gaze upon the scenes that gave
A moonlight glow to life's dull wave,
And faintly lingers yet,
To mark the light that played above,
When only shadows seemed to move.

The blossoms shaken from the tree,
By tempests and by driving storms;
The flower, fading silently;—
The wreck of beauteous forms—
Are emblems of those shadowy hours,
Whose memory, lingering in these bowers,
Again my fancy warms;
Again repeats the thrilling spell,
Of words and tones we loved too well.

But shadows, dimly brooding now,
O'er hearts that deemed them light,
Are casting gloom upon the brow
That beamed in rapture bright;
And fled are all those happy dreams
And sunk those bright but transient gleams,
In darkness, clouds, and night;—
And never on life's desert plain
Can such a brightness shine again.

RETROSPECTION.

I stand upon the very ground
  Where once — but hence — away, away,
Such thoughts can only come to wound
  A heart where anguish holds her sway.

It is not meet — it is not meet —
  That memory round these rocks should fling
Her hallowed light, — however sweet,
  There comes a sadness on her wing.

And here amid the wild-wood haunts,
  Where once in youth we careless roved,
What time the setting sunbeam slants
  Along that path where once we loved,

I stray — and silently I gaze
  On many a cherished scene of youth,
On many a type of by-past days,
  When all seemed joy, and hope, and truth.

But now the fairy lights are fled
  That circled round the youthful brow,
And I shall soon be with the dead,
  Oh, would the hour were come but now!

For 'mid my dreamy, wild career,
  I 've sought for bliss, but all in vain —
Or if a hope could sometimes cheer,
  ' Twas quickly turned to woe again.

Youth and its fairy hours are gone,
  Hope shows no more her beauteous form,
Joy — friendship — mirth, and all are flown,
  And the heart bends beneath the storm.

And what — when all that thus could cheer,
  Have vanished from the aching eye,
When nought is left that made life dear,
  Oh, what remains, but thus to die?

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

I SAID my latest song was sung,
  But yet it lingers now for thee
A moment — then the harp is hung
  In sadness on the willow tree —
Dark, shadowy leaves its form entwine,
  Yet here amidst their darkness shows,
What might have decked a gayer shrine,
  The loveliness of Autumn's rose.

The last of Autumn's radiant flowers
  That grew upon its lonely tree,
And left its own, its greenwood bowers,
  To form a simple wreath for thee;
The last! oh, who can speak that word,
  Or listen to its mournful tone,
Aud not the fount of grief be stirred,
  With dreams and memories all its own!

The last sad song — the last bright rose —
  The last cold tear — oh, take them now,
Mine be alone the long repose,
  That sweetly rests the aching brow;
Dimly the shades of evening close
  Around the memories of the past,
Light song, bright tears, and blooming rose,
  Of each and all — oh, take *the last!*

MEMORY.

There is a sea, by whose dim shore
  We fondly pause, awhile to gaze
On wrecks of pleasure, now no more,
  The traces sad of by-gone days.
That sea is Memory's — its waves
  Roll dark and chill above the spot —
Where, resting in their silent graves,
  Lie those who *were*, but now *are not.*

There is a star whose brightness gleams
  Above the cold and silent tomb,
The radiance of whose lonely beams
  May pierce the dim and shadowy gloom.
That star is Memory's — oft its light
  Has lit the dark and lonely way,
And sorrow's path has grown more bright
  Beneath its sweet and hallowed ray!

There is a strain whose music flings
  The soul of sadness on the ear,
The songs of mournful sweetness brings
  Like angel's notes, so soft, so clear; —
And sad ones ever come to pay
  Their mournful homage at thy shrine.
That strain is thine too, Memory!
  Oh! all that 's sad and sweet is thine.

T. B. M. Mason.